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Whole No. 157

Hymn in Sickness.

BY MISS MATILDA C. SMILEY.

In thy hands, Eternal One,
Passively I lie,
Ready to perform Thy will,
Let me live or die.

All I ask is trust in Thee,
Trust and love sincere,
Faith that firmly leans on Thee,
Love that knows no fear.

Neither life nor death I ask,
Only let me be
Clothed in thine own righteousness,
Hid with Christ in thee.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.

OW far the biography of a military commander is really valuable, or the reverse, must, of course, depend in part on his ability, but much more on the soundness of his principles and the justice of the cause in which he was engaged. Arms were never taken up more justifiably or commendably than in our American revolution; and the most prominent officers of that day have a strong claim on our gratitude and veneration, not only for their ability as commanders, but for their personal merits and their fidelity to the cause of freedom. General Greene, the hero of the South, has a special claim on the Southern people, and it is gratifying to witness the spirited efforts which they are now making to give more breadth and permanence to the estimation in which his services have been so justly held. In these sketches we can do no more than notice very briefly the prominent traits in his character and give a mere bird's eye view of the principal scenes and events in which he was an actor, from the time when he, avowedly and with heroic firmness, took his stand with the patriots of that day to the close of the war. His deeds are his best eulogy and furnish the best illustration of his character.

The Kentish Guards in which he enrolled his name as a member, in 1774, and, donning his Quaker garb, assumed a dress more in accordance with the position he had just taken in society, were organized under a law of the State and modeled after a famous corps of that name in England. It was composed of the most respectable young men in the country, and the Captain took the rank of Colonel. Even at that day when the war spirit had become rife and all classes were vying with each other in their efforts to excel, it was unsurpassed by any other, and more than thirty of them became officers of more or less note during the war. Drills and parades were the order of the day, but arms were wanting and could be obtained only in Boston where it was hazardous to go. The town was in possession of the British, and was guarded with military vigilance; but Greene resolved to go and did go. Under the pretext of collecting some of his father's old debts and clad in the Quaker dress, which he donned again for the occasion, using all the while the Quaker language and assuming the Quaker gravity, he had a passport which enabled him to mingle freely with friends and foes, and to go where he pleased without molestation. Here he saw, for the first time, regular troops, under arms in large bodies, and going through all the evolutions of the tented field. His curiosity to remain a few days, though at the risk of detection, was irresistible, and it must be regarded as an important incident in his early life.

Having delayed for the sole purpose of improving his knowledge of military science, he was always present when the troops were on parade, observing every movement and carefully noting down everything he saw; and thus he learned more of military tactics in a few days

than he could have learned elsewhere in as many months. He also managed to purchase a new musket with all the accoutrements; and, as some intercourse was allowed between the town and country, for the purpose of procuring provisions, he bribed a countryman to conceal it in his wagon till they got beyond the reach of danger. It was, furthermore, his good fortune, either in the town, or soon after leaving it, to meet with a British sergeant, a deserter, whose confidence he gained, and whom he brought home with him. The sergeant's experience in military exercise, and his skill as a fugleman greatly improved the discipline of the Guards and increased their confidence. At the next parade he appeared with his new musket and his drill master, when the boldness and success of his adventure gave him great credit and prepared the way for his speedy promotion. It was now becoming manifest that Great Britain was determined not to conciliate, but to coerce the colonies, and that they were just as much determined not to be coerced. The battle of Lexington which occurred on the 19th of April, 1775, brought on the crisis and made an appeal to arms inevitable.

As the battle lasted the whole day, the news reached Rhode Island before night; and while the Whig corps were all beating to arms, the Guards took up the line of march for Boston, but were soon arrested in their progress. As their route led by the seat of government, Wanton, then acting Governor, who was a stiff loyalist, was displeased at the spirit which they were manifesting, and sent a message ordering them back. The officers did not feel at liberty to disobey; but Greene, with one of his brothers and two other confidential friends, of kindred spirit, resolved to go, and, having procured horses *instantly*, set off under whip and spur. Their purpose was firm; but when about half way, they learned that the fighting was over for the present and that the British, now pretty roughly-handled, had retired into the town. His character for energy, firmness and courage was now well established, and his countrymen soon testified, in the most ample manner, their appreciation of his merits. To meet the present emergency, the Assembly voted to raise a force of sixteen hundred men, as a corps of observation, and gave him the command, with the rank of Major General. So prompt were the preparations that, within five days, the troops were raised, the training commenced, and he exchanged the quiet scenes of domestic life for the toils and perils of a military campaign.

Being now in his 33d year, he had settled down into the sober realities of life, and was rapidly gathering around him the means of domestic enjoyment; but his

country needed his services, and he cheerfully responded to the call. The avidity with which the hardy yeomanry of the country rallied round him, and the standard was owing as much to their confidence in him as to their public spirit, and a number who had been officers in the Kentish Guards, served under his command. The Captain of the Guards, who ranked as Colonel, was elected a Colonel in the new levies; and the celebrated Christopher Greene, the hero of Red Bank, and Gen. Varnum held the rank of Majors. Such was the tone of patriotism then prevalent in the country, that men of acknowledged worth and high pretensions could cheerfully surrender their feelings of military pride to the good of their country, and forego their just claims of preference in favor of one in whom they discerned superior talents for command. In May he was elected Commander of the Rhode Island contingent, and on the 6th of June, he assumed his command before the lines of Boston. The British forces, after the arrival of Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, amounted to 8,000, while those of the Americans at no time exceeded 15,000; but these, having neither discipline, arms, nor ammunition, could make no demonstration against their enemies; and the British remembered too well the stone walls that lined the road to Concord, the intrenchments of earth that crowned the summit of Bunker's Hill, and the deadly aim of the rifle, even when in the hands of raw militia, to make an assault on the American lines. The position assigned to Greene, on his arrival in camp, was Prospect Hill, an important point in the centre of the left wing, and there he continued for some weeks. On the 3d of July, Gen. Washington, as Commander-in-chief, arrived and took command of the whole army. According to custom, he must be received by a formal address, and the performance of that duty was assigned to Greene. This was the occasion of his introduction to Washington, and from that time a mutual esteem and confidence grew up which continued, without abatement, through life. The quarters of Washington at Cambridge were near the post assigned to the Rhode Island contingent, and thus, opportunities of intercourse between the two Generals were of almost daily occurrence. Soon after the arrival of Washington, the army was placed on the continental establishment, the effect of which was to reduce the rank of Greene from that of a Major General to that of a Brigadier. This change caused great dissatisfaction in other officers, whom it similarly affected, but none on the part of Greene. He had modesty enough to let others judge of his claims to merit as a military man; and, having devoted himself to a military life, the change from the provincial to the continental service

was more than an equivalent for his partial and temporary diminution of rank.

This change of rank required a change of position, and he was placed on the extreme left, where he had the command of a brigade on Winter Hill, the point nearest to the enemy. Constant vigilance was necessary, and the ordinary routine of camp duties must be observed, but no adequate employment was afforded for a mind so vigorous and enterprising. Close application to the study of his profession, and he was indefatigable in the training of his brigade. In one of his letters, he boasts of the proficiency made by two of the regiments; and, in a letter from a member of Washington's family, about this time, the writer says, "His command consisted of three regiments, then the best disciplined and appointed in the whole American Army." It was concluded in a council of war to make an attempt on Boston, provided the ice in Charlie town bay should become strong enough to bear the Army; and Greene, who was then suffering severely from the jaundice, was greatly troubled, lest the attempt should be made without him. "Sick or well," he said, "he meant to be there;" but the attempt was never made. Soon after when preparations were making for an attack by water, of two brigades, each containing four thousand picked men, the command of one was given to Greene; but this project also failed. The British General then meditated an assault on the American camp, which might have tried his courage and his patriotism; but a sudden tempest frustrated their design.

In the course of the winter, the small-pox appeared in Boston and caused great alarm in the American camp; but the agitation was measurably quieted by Gen. Greene, at whose suggestion a hospital was appointed at the Coventry mills, where his family having taken lodgings, his house was used for the purpose, and many of the officers were inoculated. About the last of March, the enemy evacuated Boston and Howe proceeded to New York, while Clinton, with one division of their forces, sailed for Charlestown. At first, Howe tried to conceal his designs by sailing in another direction; but Washington was not to be deceived in that way. Not doubting that their destination was New York, his troops were all ordered on to that place. The command of the third Brigade was given to Greene with instructions to march through Providence to New London and there embark for Long Island. He did so; and, having arrived at the place of his destination about the middle of April, established his headquarters at Brooklyn. Here he was informed that Rhode Island had, by its legislature, declared itself independent, a measure which he had long desired and urged on the whole nation with earnestness. In a

letter dated May 14th, 1776, when expressing his hearty approbation of the measure, he says, "tis nobly done. God prosper you and crown your endeavors with success."

Feeling no doubt that Long Island would be the first and principal scene of conflict, he engaged with all his energies in making preparation for it, by erecting such defences as the time permitted at the most accessible points, and by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the roads, by-paths and other localities; but he was destined to meet with one of the most trying disappointments of his life. After a long voyage, the enemy entered the Narrows towards the end of June, and landed at Staten Island on the 4th, the very day on which Independence was declared and on which, more than a hundred years before, the commonwealth of England had been established under Cromwell. After remaining here about two months, in a state of inactivity, they landed at Gravesend, on Long Island, and advanced within three miles of the American lines. Greene was now suffering from a violent attack of bilious fever, which had been induced by excessive fatigue and had brought him to the brink of the grave. This was deeply regretted by the men under his command and by the commander-in-chief who now occupied New York city with the main body of his army. The command of the Island was given to Major Gen. Sullivan, August 27th, and then, in anxious suspense, they awaited the conflict. Thus while on the bed of languishing and when the crisis of the disease had barely passed, he heard the first roar of artillery. A situation more trying to such a man can hardly be conceived; and, with his head raised a little and resting on his hand, which was all he could do, he exclaimed, in the anguish of his spirit, "Gracious God! to be confined at such a time!" while tears of anguish were falling in bitter drops on his pillow. Though he had confidence in the firmness of Sullivan and Sterling, he knew well that he alone was sufficiently acquainted with the localities on and around the scene of conflict. The attack of the enemy, which was made the 28th August, was conducted with skill and vigor. A strong advanced party under Lord Sterling and another under Gen. Sullivan were assailed in front, a column of the enemy silently moved over the plain that stretches along the south side of the island, and, turning the left wing of our troops, gained their rear behind a ridge of hills between Brooklyn and Jamaica. The Americans fought bravely, but were borne down by numbers; and Sterling and Sullivan were both taken prisoners. When the *ruse de guerre* of the enemy was discovered, these officers had attempted to retreat within the lines of Brooklyn; but the stratagem had succeeded, and it was now too late. By the consummate prudence and energy of Washington, the remnant of the army was safely transported over the East river, in the dusk of the evening, and before the enemy had any intimation of the movement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEGLECT.—Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. By neglect of education children grow up in ignorance. By neglect a farm grows to weeds and briars; by neglect a house goes to decay; by neglect of sowing, a man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interest can prosper where there is neglect; and why may it not be so in religion?

A horse jockey, who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

G. W. Kendall, writing from New Braunfels, Texas, says: Take a circuit within ten miles of this place, and I know of but one physician, a very worthy and intelligent man who tends a gristmill for a livelihood.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Some Pages in a Lady's Album;
Surreptitiously Extracted.

BY QUINN SARE?

I sit upon the rustic seat here under the oaks this September afternoon, and look out upon the valley spread before me. I knock the ashes from my Virginia pipe made of a corn-cob, and take up my pencil; but how can I trace with this feeble instrument, the glories of the fairy scene before me?

The "Indian Summer" has come upon us early this year. The atmosphere is draped with an elfin-created haze, which lends a romantic charm to every distant object. The woods are scarcely yet turned; only a maple here and there, rears its fiery head, and now and then my gaze meets a hickory in the "sere and yellow leaf." But the mountains beyond are one mass of blue. Where but yesterday we could almost see the herds feeding in the fields, we now see only the gigantic proportions of the Blue Ridge, wrapt in mystic grandeur.

The repose of nature is suddenly disturbed by the quick, sharp, crack of the mountaineer's rifle; a thin curl of blue smoke slowly ascends from the bushy undergrowth, and soon all is silent again.

I turn from the rugged peaks capped with the eternal pine, and look out upon the valley, which from my lofty seat upon a mountain spur, I view through the azure mist, as through a fairy curtain. The fallow ground is yet brown; no signs of the early wheat are yet apparent. Beyond the old rail fence, is a field of corn, partly cut and shocked, with a regularity which reminds one of light Infantry advancing in open order and firing.

Away over through the haze is a snow white cottage embowered in shrubbery, and in that cottage is a wild flower of the mountains, whose beauty rivals that of nature every-where around her, and whose song even sometimes floats on the breeze to my seat here beneath the oaks. And there before me upon the bench lies the album of my rose of the mountains, in which I must of course scribble my contribution of verse. I think tho' I shall take more than I give, and I can scarcely do better (or worse!) than jot down a few of the various effusions upon its pages.

I read upon the first page I turn to, some verses strangely in unison with my present mood. They are certainly of the better order—far superior to common album poetry; they have no signature attached to them—

There is the wind on the mountains!
Chasing the shadows along;
Leaves like the water of fountains,
Glitter and burst into song!

Fairy-like beauty wherever
The eye dwells a moment, while near
Roll the waves of a beautiful river
To the "misty mid region of weir."

So the pine sways aloft like the palm-tree;
The poplar is rattling and bright;
Could I sing a fit song to embalm thee,
O! beautiful autumn delight!

But I cannot, my fountain of singing,
Is dried, and the brightness of youth
Is past; the swift hours are bringing
But dreams which are nothing but ruth.

Fine youth which the vision of manhood,
Surveys with a sad wistful smile;
Could I leave the sad ocean once more
And land on that bright sunny isle!

The island of youth and of gladness
Which memory returns to in vain,
With the old immemorial sadness,
Which rends the poor spirit with pain.

These lines were framed by a true lover of nature, in an hour of reverent musing over a pipe like mine. The next selection I make, is the very outpouring of the inmost heart of some droll swain, who prizes naught but the love of the "mountain rose"—at least he says so—but how do we know he is in earnest?

Beautiful maiden of my dreams,
Where'er I see thine eyes
My heart is melted in my breast
And wastes away in sighs:

I see thy rich carnation lips,
Thy cheeks of rosy dyes—
Thy brilliant glance as beautiful
As mellow autumn skies!

O! beam upon me once again,
And like an angel rise,
Thou art the goal of all my hopes,
Thy love is all I prize.

They say that love is weak and blind
And lovers never wise,—
That Hymen wields a flickering torch
And binds of iron ties.

But with thy lovely face beside
That every fate defies,
I'd live and love through weal and woe
And feed on nectar pines!

The next is a lamentation of the past, apparently addressed to my wild flower, at the witching hour of midnight. The allusion to "autumn hours," sounds like something beyond thirty; it is evidently from the pen of some unfortunate old bachelor, who had no business being up at midnight when the "dew was on the flower."

The moon is in the sky
And the dew upon the flower,
And the heart is full of joy
In the quiet midnight hour,

The heart is full of joy—
And the eyes are full of tears—
Could we summon once again
The old dreams of happy years!

But they are gone and all is still,
And the balmy moonbeams fall
On the meadow and the grass,
And the oak trees large and tall,—
On the meadow and the grass,
And the brooklet and the flowers,—
Could we bring again the dreams of youth
To gild our autumn hours!

The sentiment is very good, and we hope our friend will live to enjoy a green old age. He should keep out of the dew!

The following has the "ear-marks" of the author of our first extract—

When o'er the past I muse,
And think of happy hours,
Which danced along like nymphs
All wreathed with sunny flowers—

Then do I think of thee
With all thy tender smiles—
Of rosy lips and azure eyes
Like distant Ocean isles!

Would that my fate could be
To wander far away
To some such Ocean isle
Beyond the dying day,—

With one dear form beside
To cheer and bless my heart,
To live and love, in life and death
To love and never part!

A very Adam and Eve like existence, of which I think both parties would get tired. I think my mountain rose would choose a life containing more excitement than such a one.

Our next poet recounts a terrible tragedy, which has taken place in a certain quiet nook I wot of, known as the "foxes' corner." He has been presented with a pair of mittens, been struck with a female slipper, and has taken a final farewell of "the flower"—but I will let him tell his own story—

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly—
Never met and never parted—
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Had we in the foxes' corner
Never met,—and ne'er been born, or
Come together—how much better!
Cruel Fate might rip then—let her!

Fate and me were always fighting,
She was always a-blightin',
Runnin' me on rocks all sunken,
"O! my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

Therefore farewell, I am crying,
With the foxes, I am sighing;
Would I'd died, or ne'er been born, or
Perished in the foxes' corner!

Mr. Longfellow will doubtless thank our poet for the improved spelling of *Algonquin* in the last line of the third verse!

Here is another young man teaching the wild flower his duty. Whether she has the same views, and if so, whether she has done her duty, I cannot say. Most likely, her ideas of duty conflicted with her friend's.

Why will maidens cruel be
When love is proffered to them,
Why turn away so cold and grim,
When young men come to woo them.

Love is the only joy of life
And it is due to beauty—
To love again for honest love
Is every maiden's duty!

That is—of course—if I'm concerned—
And so my song is ended;
Don't break my heart with cruel "no!"
For if you do I'll mend it!

Here again are some verses which appear to be quite in earnest, or if there is any jest in the matter, it is very carefully concealed. My forest Rose has really been maltreated somebody! Poor fellow! Unlike the hero of the "foxes' corner," he takes his misfortune very much to heart.—It is the legitimate consequence of rashness. Beware, my friends, how you kneel near the slipper! Hear him—

Farewell! 'twere vain to say how long
Thine eyes have been my guiding stars,
Like Henry of Navarre's bright plume
Shining in olden wars.

'Twere vain to tell how oft I longed
To kneel before thee and confess
The aspirations of a heart
That cannot love thee less.

But that is o'er—old times are changed—
We part and I go far away,
Perhaps to see thee never more;
O! miserable day!

And so farewell, the word is said—
Farewell to all I hope for, love,
Think of me sometimes, if you will,
While hopelessly I rove!

But look no more to see my face,
Or hear me plead,—the die is cast—
I never loved before, nor will—
You are the first and last.

Farewell, you'll meet with lordlier forms,
With purer hearts, and stronger minds,
But never with a love so deep
As his, who all resigns.

This last poem excites real sympathy for the sufferer; but we all know that after the first week, such cases convalesce very rapidly, and it is not impossible if our friend's departure to "rove," was at all delayed—he may not have "roved hopelessly" at all; he may even be the wretch who penned the following lines from a preposterous song of the day:

"The lobster's in the lobster pot.
The blue-fish wriggles on the hook.

Some pain is there, but none to compare
To the love I bear for my Mary Ann!"

With this I involuntarily grit my teeth, and close the Album. How much more of this *melange* may be found in its pages, I know not; I only know the book is full of some sort of versification, with many *loves* and *doves* sprinkled through it.

I light my pipe again, and as I sit gazing towards the mountains, a breeze floating from the cottage, brings on its wings the soft melodious notes of a female voice. The mountains fade from my vision, and my mind occupies itself with the shrub-embowered cottage. It is no use! my pipe is out, the song continues, and I must follow my inclination and go to the cottage, so good-bye my reader, farewell until we meet again, upon the high-way of the types.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
N. C. Institution for the Deaf & Dumb and the Blind.

(See Illustration on 1st page.)

Among the benevolent institutions of our State there is none more deserving of public attention, than the N. C. Institution for the Deaf & Dumb and the Blind. To verify this assertion, and to show what has been done in past years, and what is now being done towards educating these unfortunate members of society, and fitting them to become intelligent and useful citizens, let us take a brief review of the history of this Institution from its foundation to the present time. Previous to the year, 1845, nothing had been done towards accomplishing this object. The attention of our citizens had been called to the importance of educating the Deaf & Dumb by Mr. William D. Cooke, then connected with the Virginia Institution for the Deaf & Dumb at Staunton. He traveled over a portion of the State with a young man, a deaf mute, who had been partially educated and showed the method of teaching Deaf Mutes. By this means a general interest was excited throughout the State, and Gov. Morehead in his message to the Legislature at the session of 1844 and 45, urged the importance of establishing an Institution for the education of the Deaf & Dumb in N. Carolina.

His successor, Gov. Graham, also proved himself a warm friend of the enterprise. Near the close of the session on the 12th day of January, 1845, a bill was passed establishing the school. The sum of \$5,000 was appropriated, and the several counties in the State were required to levy a tax of \$75 for every pupil they might send to the school. Mr. William D. Cooke was appointed *Principal*, and on the 1st day of May, 1845, the school was opened with seven pupils. During the term the number increased to seventeen, and during the next session the number was increased to twenty-six.

At the next session of the Legislature, it being shown that the buildings then occupied by the school were insufficient for that purpose, a bill was passed on the 18th day of January, 1847, making an appropriation for the erection of suitable buildings for the school. It is a creditable fact to the State that the Bill passed both Houses of the Legislature with *one* dissenting vote. The Messrs. Cosby, of Raleigh, N. C., became contractors for the new building, and the corner-stone was laid on the 14th day of April, 1848. It is said that the ceremonies, on that occasion, were very interesting. They were conducted by the Masonic fraternity in the morning when an address was delivered by the Rev. Sam'l S. Bryant, then of Newbern. At night the ceremonies were conducted by the Old-Fellows, when an address was delivered by Harvey P. Peet, L.L.D., *Principal* of the New York Institution for the Deaf & Dumb.

The buildings are situated on Caswell Square, near the State House in Raleigh. The ground on which they are located was granted by the Legislature to the Institution, and embraces about four acres, a part of which is cultivated and the remainder used as a pleasure ground where the pupils can amuse themselves at proper hours.

Besides the Intellectual Department, there is connected with the Institution a Printing Office in which the male pupils in the Deaf & Dumb Department are instructed in the art of printing—also a Broom Shop where the male pupils in the Blind Department are taught broom-making. The necessity of these departments must appear obvious to every one, because when a pupil completes the course of study at the Institution, and goes into the world again, he is fitted to earn a competent livelihood. The female pupils are under the care of the matron out of school hours, and are instructed in sewing, knitting, bead-work, &c.

The Blind pupils are also taught music, and many of them, after they leave the Institution, are qualified to act as Music Teachers.

In the Blind department, Prayers are held morning and evening, and on Sabbath the pupils attend church in the city.

In the Deaf Mute department the exercises are opened and closed every day, by an explanation of a verse from the Bible, and prayer in the sign language. On Sabbath the principal lectures on the Scriptures, in the morning, and one of the teachers in the afternoon.

We have endeavored thus briefly to give a history of this Institution. It has accomplished much since it was founded, and bids fair to do much more towards educating the Deaf & Dumb and the Blind in our native State. Every true philanthropist and patriot in the State should be proud because we have such an Institution within our borders. Up to this time a number of young men have graduated at this Institution, and are now receiving good wages as journeymen printers in different sections of the State.

The officers of the Institution are as present as follows:

Board of Directors:
Wm. H. McKee, President.
J. Jan C. Palmer, Quent. Busbee.
Sam'l H. Young, John H. Bryan, Jr.
W. W. Vass,

Intellectual Department.
Wm. D. Cooke, A. M., Principal.
Willie J. Palmer, Teachers in the Deaf & Dumb Department.
Charles M. Grow, Mrs. L. E. Grow,
Alonzo N. Lewis, Teacher in the Blind Department.

Miss Maria E. Cooke, Teacher of Music.
Domestic Department.
Miss B. Smith, Matron, Sewell Little, Steward.
Mrs. E. Little, Housekeeper.

Dr. Wm. H. McKee, Physician.
Mechanical Department.
John Nichols, Foreman of Printing Office.
B. J. Owen, Foreman of Broom Shop.

A bill has been introduced into the present Legislature asking for an appropriation, to enlarge the buildings. Additional room is very much needed, and it is to be hoped that the bill will pass.
W. J. P.

From N. C. Journal of Education.
The School-House.

We commend to all who feel an interest in our schools, and especially to school officers, the following remarks on the influence of the school-house upon the character of the school. They are taken from an address delivered at the dedication of a new School-house, in N. H.; but the important and valuable lesson, which they teach, is equally applicable to the schools of N. C.

The school-house I look upon as one of the institutions of education. It is itself a teacher; its silent lessons are constantly instilled into the mind and heart of every pupil. We are little aware how much we all owe to this kind of instruction. David understood it: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge. They have no speech nor language: yet their music hath gone out into all the earth, and their eloquence to the end of the world."

We are educated by all we see, and by all we hear. The lessons of nature and of art are inculcated every where. We never look, with delight and wonder, up that quiet valley of the White River, while the sun repeats his daily miracle of beauty upon those green fields and wooded heights and the sky above them; we never stand on yonder bridge, and follow with a charmed eye the Connecticut, encircling the meadows below us, with its calm, clear, thoughtful waters, and losing itself in the circling hills that rise terrace over terrace to the foot of Asectney, which terminates and crowns our southern prospect; we never gaze at a statue, or a picture, or contemplate a garden beautifully cultivated, or a well proportioned and finished edifice, or a well built and well furnished house, and remain ourselves precisely what we were before. The spirit of the place, the language of the work of art, has taught us something, has given a new touch to our character, has given another line on the moral image which time and the teachings of life are working out of the native material of our own souls.

The school-house is a teacher. Our old one taught; it stood in the dust of the road-side; battered without, and shattered within; written over and cut up; cold in winter, and hot in summer; never sweet and never clean. A boy could not be well behaved in it. He felt an irresistible impulse to kick it, and rack it, and cut it, and spit in it, and write vulgar things on it, and make a noise in it. The genius of the place seemed to possess him; the spirit of disorder and rudeness and vulgarity.

How different will be the effect of the new house; standing back from the road, with an ample lawn in front, neatly enclosed; its exterior handsome, bright and new; furnished with blinds for the windows, and shaded with trees; and its interior, convenient, well painted and elegantly furnished.

Why, as the boy crosses the yard, upon a dry gravel walk, and comes to the door, the very steps and scraper seem to say to him,—"Put off thy shoes, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground"—but, certainly, "Stop, my lad, clean your feet before you go in there." And in the entry, a peg to hang his cap on, and a nice shelf to lay his folded coat on, of themselves, lead him unconsciously to run his fingers over his hair and smooth his waistcoat before he enters the inner door. And when inside,

the clean floor, the straight, polished stove-pipe, the pure, painted walls, the elegant desks and chairs upon their iron standards, the master's finished table, and the master himself, with hair nicely combed, and coat carefully brushed, and boots lately polished, all fresh and polite and gentle and dignified—it is not possible for a boy to be rude and coarse and noisy and ill-tempered here. He involuntarily speaks in a softer voice, and moves with more care. The genius of the new house will insensibly possess him, the spirit of order, of propriety, of decency, of manliness, of goodness. Government here will be easier; study will be pleasanter; education more efficient. The school-house will unite with the master to make a good school.

The influence of the school house does not end with our schooldays. It follows us into life; while we remember anything, we never forget the place where we first went to school—the play ground of our childhood, the sports, the jests, the loves, the rivalries, the friendships, the contests, the companions, the masters, the lessons, the counsels, of our school-days. At the remembrance of the place what pictures rise to our view and are realized again; how "our innocent, sweet, simple years" come back! And how different the influences of these touching memories, how much their character depends upon the house, the scene with which they are all associated, and which throws its own gloomy or cheerful colors over them! How happy for us to be able to begin life in a green spot,—to take our first lessons in a lovely place,—to have our early recollections all bright and fragrant,—to start upon the voyage of life from a flowery nook or a beautiful shore!

"This fond attachment to the well-known place whence first we started into life's long race, maintains its hold with such unflinching sway, We feel it even in age, and at our latest day."

First Things in Literature.

The first literary Journal ever published was issued at Paris, on the 30th of May, 1666, by Dennis de Sallo, Ecclesiastical Counsellor to the Parisian Parliament. Its title is *Journal des Savans*. This work met with a favorable reception, and was soon imitated throughout Europe. Its author had the gratification of seeing it translated into several languages.

Lord Surry's translation of the 4th *Æneid* was the first specimen of English blank verse; Turcotte's translation from Ovid the second, and Kit Marlow's *Lucan* the third.

The first almanac in England was printed in Oxford, in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "nearly thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanac for two-pence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanac and its title, they were all vendid. Its sale was so great that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross the profits in their own hands."

The first daily paper in Paris appeared only a few days prior to the Revolution, and was called the *Journal de Paris*.

The first Journal published in France was the brain child of a physician named Theophrastus Renaudot, and appeared on the 20th of May, 1631, under the title of the *Gazette*. The far sighted Richelieu, the man before his age, who was as necessary to the France of that day as Louis Bonaparte is to the present, greeted its appearance with pleasure, for he knew that it would act as his unbounded partisan.

The earliest magazine issued in America was entitled "The General Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Plantations in America." It was published in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin. The first number appeared in January, 1741. A few successive numbers of the work are owned by the Philadelphia Library Company.

The first English literary production penned in America, which has any rank in the general history of literature, is the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, by George Sandeys, printed in London, in 1726.

The first collection ever made of American poetry was in 1793. It was edited by Elisha H. Smith, of Connecticut.

The first American edition of Sternhold and Hopkins' version, was published at Cambridge, 1663.

Dr. Watts' Hymns were first published in England, in 1707, and his Psalms in 1719. He sent specimens of them to Cotton Mather. These hymns were first published in America, by Dr. Franklin, in 1741, and the psalms were published the same year in Boston. They did not come into general use till after the Revolution.

James Otis was the first writer of the *American Revolution*.

The Rev. John Callender was the first historian of Rhode Island.

The first Greek type used in the United States was used at Boston in 1761, in printing an original Greek ode and an original Greek elegy, both by Stephen Sewall, afterwards Professor of Hebrew in Harvard College.

The teacher should be very sparing of his voice.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24th, 1859.

Proceedings of Congress—Mr. Keitt's Cuba Speech—The thirty millions—Protective tariff—The importation of slaves—Congressional diligence—American Colonization Society—A wife again united to her husband—The Times.

In both Houses of Congress the greater portion of the week has been consumed in the disposition of private claims of no interest to any one except to the claimants, and in the enactment of regulations in reference to the distribution of the public lands of the United States Government. In the House on Wednesday, the Hon. L. M. Keitt, of South Carolina made the most powerful speech that has been delivered in that body this Session. The House was then in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and Mr. Keitt seized the opportunity to advocate the acquisition of Cuba. He frankly avowed his belief that the island could not be purchased, and insisted that a seizure of it, would be but a fair reprisal on our part for the many and aggravated insults, which Spain has heaped upon us. The proposition mooted in the Democratic caucus, to place thirty millions of dollars in the hands of the President to be used in the purchase of Cuba, if that object can be peaceably effected, is exciting a great deal of squabbling among politicians. The bill necessary for such an appropriation will scarcely pass the House.

Yesterday resolutions were received and read in the House from the Legislature of Pennsylvania asking Congress to enact a protective Tariff, and more especially to increase the duties upon coal and iron. They were laid upon the table. Also on motion of Mr. Kilgore a resolution was adopted calling upon the President to furnish information in regard to the importation of slaves into Georgia and other States. You may form some idea of the alacrity with which this Congress is discharging its duties from the fact that the members of the House of Representatives instead of wasting the morning sessions in useless debate and "Bancomite" speeches, as was the case in former sessions, now devote the whole of their morning sittings to the disposition of the business upon the private calendar of the House, and meet again at night so as to give a chance to those members who are anxious to talk for the benefit of their constituents.

The annual meeting of the American Colonization Society took place last Tuesday evening at the Smithsonian Institute. It appears that the Society, during the year, 1858, has expended over sixty-one thousand dollars in the furtherance of the objects for which it was organized. An appropriate and very eloquent address was delivered by the Hon. T. H. B. Latrobe, the President of the Society, who stated that it was their hope and endeavor ultimately to accomplish the removal of all the free blacks throughout the Union to the coast of Africa. Liberia was the proper field for the energies of intelligent free blacks, and the desire of bettering their condition would slowly but steadily lead them thither and rid our country of so inconvenient a burden.

Following close upon the death of Gen. Henderson was that of his beloved wife, who died on Wednesday night last. Lovingly in life, "in death they were not divided."

I must congratulate you upon the really tasteful improvements lately made in your paper, which certainly render it all and more than you promised to make it. The "Times" is now inferior in point of attraction to no weekly in the land, and I can only hope that it may prove correspondingly remunerative as a business enterprise.

FROM OUR BOSTON CITY REPORTER

Boston, January 19, 1859.

Insurrection and Attempted Assassination at the State Prison in Charleston.

An unsuccessful attempt was recently made by some of the convicts, in the carvers' shop of the Massachusetts State Prison, at Charlestown, to assassinate David Sargent, one of the most efficient officers in the above Institution. Mr. Sargent, who is the officer in the above shop, was attacked by two of the most desperate convicts in the Prison—one of them seizing him by the throat endeavored to strangle him with one hand, while with the other he brandished a chisel—Mr. Sargent, who was some distance from his desk, with remarkable coolness, kept retreating towards his desk, and upon gaining it, he grasped a heavy cane and struck the prisoner over the head with it, breaking the cane into pieces and felling the fellow to the floor. At this juncture, another one of the prisoners threw a heavy mallet at his head, which Mr. S. barely dodged. An alarm was immediately given, and the two "would be murderers" were placed in irons.

It seems upon the confession of another one of the convicts, that the number of those working in the carvers' shop, intended shortly to rise, kill their officer, Mr.

Sargent, and the Deputy Warden, and by means of a plank from the window of their shop, to gain access to the wall, and thence let themselves down upon the ice and escape. Had they succeeded in their nefarious plans, they could have easily accomplished the rest, as the carvers' shop is but a few feet from the wall, and the ice at the time was perfectly solid.

The prompt manner in which Mr. Sargent met the attack upon his life, will prevent them from troubling him in future.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Jan., 24th, 1859.

Legislative Proceedings—The money question—The Magistrates—The pleasures of office-holders and their perils—The Baptist Memorial—Great sale of Land and Negroes—Magistrate's engraving—City Council—"The Times" for ever.

Dear Times:—The House has been engaged principally on the Revenue Bill, making provision for the necessities of the coming year; it proposes an increase of \$150,000: the 50,000 for general purposes and the balance for the Sinking Fund, as recommended by the commissioners thereof. Twenty cents on every hundred dollars of Real Estate; eighty on every taxable poll and four on every hundred dollars of Interest will make our taxes very respectable. We have the consolation of knowing that we are only dancing to music of our own making; people who have been indulging their wild fancies so extensively in building Railroads and digging out rivers must expect to pay for it, and we are not yet beginning to feel the burden. It is better for us too, boldly and honestly, to put our shoulders to the wheel and to pay our debts than to leave our descendants to do so. This Branch has passed the Danville Connection Bill, in a new shape, introduced by the members from Rockingham; this provides for a road from the N. C. R. R. to Leaksville, tapping the coal-fields of the Dan; the charter is to be forfeited if the road runs within twenty miles of Danville or two miles of the Virginia line. In a few years, the road will be built and the connection made, the Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. They have indefinitely postponed the Bill for the better protection of married women and their estates from dissipated husbands; put a tax of \$1 on gentlemen's shawls and raised the cost of marriage licenses to \$2.

The Senate have rejected the Western Railroad Bill and also Mr. Bledsoe's bill, establishing ad valorem taxation and passed one in favor of the Roanoke Navigation Company, allowing them to sell their Canal. The Coalfield R. R. Bill has also been passed, thanks to the able efforts of the talented Senator from Cumberland, Mr. Gilmore; the Bill to drain Hunter's Creek Lake, by which a large quantity of land would be reclaimed and made productive, was also passed. Mr. Bledsoe's Bill to charter the Bank of N. C., was defeated, 18 to 19. From this showing, which we hope will not appear too long or too hard for your readers' digestion, it will be seen that the body is quite busy and is getting on very creditably with the public business.

There have been difficulties in both Houses in regard to the appointment of magistrates, and some of the appointees have come out of the discussion with blackened names and damaged characters; it is certainly much to be regretted that any of those who ought to be regarded as the conservators of peace and good morals should ever be the subjects of such severe animadversions.

Our new P. M. Mr. Cooke seems to get into difficulties and out of them, with considerable facility and felicity; some time ago, about New Year's day, he raised the rent of his boxes from \$1 to \$2, very much to the dissatisfaction of the community. Some of the stout-hearted ones vowed they would not submit and forthwith surrendered their boxes, calling for their letters, &c., at the general delivery; several have since given in, but the others sternly insist on the old rates or none. Again the Committee of Privileges and Elections, having been empowered to send for persons and papers, summoned the P. M. before them to give evidence as to a certain member being also a P. M. and thereby disqualified. Mr. Cooke refused to appear, whereupon Mr. Benbury, chairman of the Committee, moved that the Speaker issue his warrant to the Doorkeepers, directing them to take Mr. Cooke into custody for contempt; after some debate, the resolution was tabled 64 to 40.

Our Baptist friends will be pleased to see that a matter which occupied the attention of their late convention here, has been brought before Congress; Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, a Chaplain in the Navy, has through Mr. Senator Hamlin, presented a petition for the redress of the grievances and sufferings he endured, in the discharge of his duty. The Hon. member explained and commented on the Memorial and moved its reference to the Committee on Naval Affairs, which was accordingly done.

One of the largest sales ever made in the State has been recently concluded near Newbern. Hon. John R. Donnell has sold his Lake Ellis plantation, containing 23,000 acres, and 130 negroes for

\$120,000; the buyers are Messrs. Lewis of Edgecombe and Speight of Greene. The application of the Edgecombe system of farming to these fertile lands will doubtless make them superior in productiveness to any now known.

The subscribers to the Cosmopolitan Art Association have received their magnificent engraving "The Village Blacksmith"; it is a perfect gem and will make a splendid ornament for the Parlor. Encourage the pure and beautiful; it is one of the best means to make home happy; subscribe \$3 only, you get their Magazine, the Engraving, a free ticket to the Exhibition and a chance in the distribution. One of our fellow citizens has drawn a handsome picture; we have not, never had any luck, in our lives, except when we got married; we ought to be content, and we are, that.

Our aldermen held their first meeting Friday night, but were unable to elect a city constable; because of so many candidates and such a division of feeling, on the subject of that important office.

We sincerely hope your new enterprise in bringing out "The Times" in an improved and extended condition is progressing finely. "May it live a thousand years, and neither it nor your list ever grow less."

Yours, P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1859.

The Weather—Henry Ward Beecher Slandering the Apostles, but Describing Himself—Births, Marriages and Deaths—Methodist Missions—Academy of Music—Franklin's Birthday—Dr. Cheever's Church—"Fanny Kemble"—Dr. Mitchell—American Tract Society—Money—Stocks.

During the last eight days we have had every variety of weather, from 11 degrees below zero to summer heat—cold, biting cold, wet, dry, snow, rain, sunshine and clouds, frost and sleet. The 10th, was the coldest day I ever felt, and immense damage followed it, by freezing of water, gas and fluids of almost every kind.

Henry Ward Beecher recently in his church, denounced the Apostles as being from the *drugs of society, low, vulgar, ill bred, ignorant and deceitful, deceiving even their Lord and Master at every turn.* I don't pretend to defend the Apostles; for "they are known and read of all men," but must say, that this *trading lecturer* drew a beautiful and truthful picture in most points, of himself.

The births in the city the past year were 14,770; marriages 4,029; deaths 24,493; decrease in births 3,621; increase in marriages 137; in deaths 1,159; consumption carried off 3,194.

The late Annual Missionary Meeting of M. E. Church, held at Providence, R. I. showed the receipts for the past year to have been \$261,000. Appropriations were made to Foreign Missions, \$84,059; Domestic Missions, \$131,490; contingent fund \$10,000; toward liquidating old debt, \$30,000. It is thought the present year will place the Society out of debt.

Dr. Hodge of Va. preached at the Academy of Music on Sunday evening, to an immense audience, and gave general satisfaction.

The Typographical Association held their anniversary of Franklin's birthday, on Monday evening last. They had a feast of good things—a feast of reason, and a flow of wine and soul.

At a meeting at Dr. Cheever's (abolition) church this week, they turned the reporters out by a vote, locked the doors, and turned "know nothings," as a sort of natural result.

"Fanny Kemble," or Butler, is reading Shakespeare to very intelligent and appreciative audiences. She, (in many of his characters), is perhaps the best living delineator of that great dead man.

Dr. Mitchell of Cincinnati, is lecturing on astronomy to very large and intelligent audiences.

The American Tract Society, notwithstanding the many assaults made on it last year, and the hardest of times, had the most prosperous year in all its existence or history.

Money is abundant, and stocks have gone down a little since the new year set in. Capital is turning more to active business operations. A good omen.

Yours, E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 22, '59.

Congressional matters—The purchase of Cuba, its feasibility and its liability—The Slave Wagoner—Trial of the Captain—Removal of U. S. Marshall for Georgia—Business, &c.

Thus far, the course of politics at Washington, has been quite smooth—no Kausambroglio has arisen to array the sections in "conflict dire." The only subjects of general interest under debate, are the Pacific Rail Road, and the proposed purchase of Cuba. It is very desirable for us to have Cuba, but it will be rather an expensive acquisition. \$200,000,000 are no bagatelle, especially in the present depleted state of the national treasury, when the receipts fall below the expenses, and we are compelled to borrow. True, we may pay only the proposed \$30,000,000 in cash, and the balance at some future time, still the money must be paid at some time or other, and when will we be better able

to do so without an increase of the Tariff? One burden under which the South has groaned, and from which she has been gradually freeing herself, is a *High Tariff*.

Southern representatives should beware how they support a measure that may increase the burdens of the South. The advantages that will accrue to the South from the admission of Cuba, are indeed great—but may not this be another bone of contention between North and South? Already has the form the strife will take, been shadowed forth by the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, that the North will not admit the basis of slavery representation, as now exercised by the South. It being evident that Cuba may be a slave-holding State, the abolitionists have hit upon this expedient to continue their aggressions upon us. Does not this speak volumes about the designs of the abolitionists?

The Federal authorities have found it rather difficult to manage the *Wanderer* affair. The negroes have been spirit-daway beyond the reach of the officers of the government. Judge Magrath has issued a warrant for the arrest of Captain Corcoran—the Captain is willing to be arrested, provided he is admitted to bail, and is brought to trial in Charleston. He has no fear for the result. The number of negroes brought over is upwards of 400—they are a remarkably prime lot, and are held at \$600 apiece. This will be a fortunate venture for the slaves, provided they are acquitted.

The United States Marshall for the Southern District of Georgia, has been removed for lukewarmness in arresting the slaves.

Business is brisk, and all things progress smoothly with us.

STATES RIGHTS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Temperance.

Messrs Editors.—As an item of news of interest to the friends of temperance I will state that at the close of Mr. W. R. Hunter's Lectures on Sunday schools and temperance in Statesville, thirty four names were added to the pledge. I also learn that after his labors in Concord about fifty signed the pledge.

I would here take occasion to say that no doubt much of the drunkenness and shameful rowdiness so rife in our land at the present day, may be attributed to the supineness of temperance men, and the consequent want of agitation of the public mind on the evils of intemperance, through the printed page, frequent lectures and public meetings. While the friends of the cause are asleep, the enemy is busily engaged in sowing the tares.

It is in accordance with a law of the human mind, that we lose interest in any subject about which we read or hear but little, and hence it is highly important to the success of temperance principles, to agitate the subject by frequent lectures and also by scattering broadcast the printed page, in the form of temperance News papers and temperance Tracts.

We have a noble defender of temperance principles, in the State, in the "Spirit of the Age," and we have the talent among us to furnish the lesser printed page; and if we would not reap a harvest of untold sorrow in consequence of the demoralization of the rising generation by the maddening poisons of the Still let us arouse from our inglorious ease *gird on the armor of temperance, stand by the guns, and pour a constant broadside into the enemy's ranks.*

Temperance men have acted long enough on the defensive, and hence I say again let the watchword be sounded from the seaboard to the mountains, "AGITATE!"

TEMPERANCE.

Personal.

R. P. Dick, Esq. of Greensboro delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Wilmington, on the evening of the 21st. inst.

Gov. H. A. Wise has been elected to deliver the address before the two literary societies of Hampden Sidney College, at its commencement in July next.

Piccolomini, the accomplished operatic singer, has arrived in Richmond, on her southern tour.

Alfred Vail, one of those originally connected with the Morse telegraph invention, and one of the oldest telegraph operators and electricians in the world, died at Morristown, New Jersey, on the 18th inst. Mr. Vail superintended the building of the line between Washington and Baltimore, and was the first to operate and work it.

Duncan K. McRae, Esq.—We learn that this gentleman has decided to remove to Knoxville, Tenn., where he has formed a co-partnership in the practice of law with Mr. Baxter, formerly of North Carolina.

J. W. Alsbaugh, Esq. (Editor of the *Winston Sentinel*) has been elected assistant Clerk of the Senate to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Basbee.

General Santa Anna has been chosen President, and General Alface Vice President, of Venezuela.

Put off nothing for the future.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Jan. 24.

Reported expressly for the Times.
Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 22@25; Butter 15@16; Coffee 14@16; Candles, Tallow 20@25; Adamantine 37@40; Sperma 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@5.50; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@80; white 65@70; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@3; Rice 8@9; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½; loaf 18½, crushed 16½, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Jan. 21th.

Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.
Flour, Family \$6.75; Flaxseed, 1.35@1.40
Extra..... 6.25; Beeswax..... 28
Superfine..... 5.75; Dried Apples, 7¢ bu. of
Corn, Mixed W. 75a76 28lbs..... 1.87
Yellow..... 80a81 "Peaches, 40lbs. 7¢
Wheat, White 1.25 bu..... 5a5.75
Red..... Bacon, W. sh'd 8a8½
Cotton..... 11½a11¾ do. Sides 10
Peas, Black Eye 1.35 N. C. a Va. Hog
Red & Black 70a80 round, 11
Lard, N. C. a V. no. 1 12 Staves, R. O. hhd 30a31
do do 2... 11 W. O. pipe. 50
Fish, Mackerel 1.12 do hbl. 40
do No 2 1.10 do bbl. 28a30
do 3. 10.00

Professional Cards.

ARCHITECTURE.

WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smith's Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C., and Godden's, Hall, Richmond, Va. Will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for all kinds of public and private buildings and houses of worship.

With an educational training for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.

The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky, Mt., Edgecombe County.

N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices.

133-6m.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.

105-1f.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.

1-ly.

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 63-ly.

JACOB T. BROWN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly

TO LAWYERS.

A YOUNG NEW YORK

Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.

Address, C. G. DUNN,

New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being

well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,

167f Baltimore, Md.

VISITING CARDS.

R. G. STAPLES,

CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$4.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

MANTUA-MAKING.

MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER

are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.

Jan. 15, 1858. 105-ly

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND

Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.

August, 1st, 1858. 134-1f.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL

is taking pictures at FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

39-ly.

Read Prospectus of Journal Education.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Jan. 29, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.

We present a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
MR. L. H. SHUGRUE,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITLESLEY,
MARY W. JARVIN,
WILLIE E. FAVOR,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MR. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MR. C. HUTCHINS,
and others.

GEORGE W. COTHRAN,
R. G. STAPLES,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
PROF. E. F. ROCKWELL,
WILLIAM C. SMILEY,
FIMLEY JOHNSON,
LOTTIE LINWOOD,
CLARA AGRESTA,
A. PERRY SPERRY,
MR. DI VERNON,
PAUL BURNWOOD,
MR. O. W. LAVERET,
MR. E. C. LOMES,
CHARLES E. W. DOBBS,
H. A. DWIGHT,
and others.

Dr. Hawks' History of N. C.

Till very recently the people of North Carolina have been unjust to themselves. They have been—at least they have seemed to be—indifferent to their own good name. Even if the feeling, which has seemed to be indifference, has really been, as some have affirmed, a proud modesty, which forbade them to speak loudly of their own merits and achievements, still their silence, so deep and long continued, has done all the mischief to their own good name which a real indifference could have done. Our good State seems to have forgotten that an assertion of her rightful claims is manliness, not vanity; and her modest reticence has been construed, and that naturally enough, into a disregard of her past history, or a consciousness that in that history there was not much to be proud of. She has given birth to noble sons, whose names once were dear to her, and whose high merits won for them a national reputation; and she has raised no monument to their memory; nay, it is not too much to say, she has suffered them to be forgotten. What fit memorial has she made of such men as Caswell, and Davie, and Hooper, or in later days of Stanley and Gaston? She has done glorious deeds, there have been noble achievements within her borders, which, had they been done elsewhere, would have been trumpeted the world over, and would have become every where the familiar theme of school-boy acclamation; but because—it would seem, because—they have been done on her soil, by the hands of her own children, she has allowed them to pass into almost oblivion. How many are there abroad who know the story of Moore's Creek, and Charlotte, and Guilford Court House, as they do those of Trenton and Brandywine, to say nothing of Lexington and Bunker Hill? How many even among ourselves have any due sense of the Revolutionary services of North Carolina?

The son who is not jealous of his Father's honor, who does not all he rightly may do to sustain and cherish his good name, is a shame to the Father's blood. He who does not hold the high and honorable actions of his ancestry in affectionate veneration, keep the memory of them in his heart, and teach them with all the zealous earnestness of love to his children, proves himself, thereby, degenerate and worthless. This reverence for the dead is a universal human instinct. Every soul of man, that is not bereft of the ordinary sympathies of our humanity, feels that our obligations to the dead are complete and absolute. Who, indeed,

shall remember the virtues of those who are gone from among us, who shall commemorate them, who vindicate them, if their own children refuse or neglect this filial and most grateful duty? Poor is the recompense at the best, yet it is all that we can pay, when, in return for careful nurture, and a prepared home, and an example that teaches and enfuses all virtuous and excellent living, we do all we can to make our Fathers' worth a perpetual remembrance.

What is so plain a duty in the case of individuals is surely no less a duty of entire communities, and commonwealths. Here too, the successive generations have no incentive to virtue so strong no treasure so precious, as their common inheritance of the good name of a brave and virtuous ancestry: and they are no less faithless and ungrateful, who fail to remember that ancestry with honor, than they are, who prove themselves degenerate and unworthy in act and life. The general sense of men on this subject is well shown by the efforts that perhaps every State and nation makes to have its own history well and truly written. The care they have severally exhibited on this point may be taken as the test of the progress each has made in civilization and social refinement. Certainly all men will own that people to be the most highly cultivated which has the most numerous and most faithful accounts of its own past life.

We confess, we should feel some mortification in applying these statements to our own case, were we not relieved somewhat by the recollection, that within a few years a new impulse has been felt among us in the direction of historical studies, and that more than one has busied himself with more or less success, in gathering up, and putting in form the materials that we still have for our own State history. We can not, however, forget that, while more than eighty years have passed since the opening of the Revolution, the history of that period in North Carolina, with its transcendent interest for all later generations, and its rich and abundant memories of the heroic valour and patience of our Forefathers, remains to this day, except in sketches and fragments, unwritten. To what volume shall we direct our children, when they ask us for information of the great men and great deeds of those days, which we all have so much traditional pride in, and of which the most of us know so little?

Col. Wheeler has done something to supply this want, and the Monographs of Gov. Graham and of Gov. Swain on that subject are of great value; but no one has ventured yet to give us that glorious and touching story in form and dimensions at all worthy of the theme.

For more than seventy years of our separate existence as a State, the only histories of North Carolina were written by men not native to her soil. Feebly and imperfectly as the work was done, it was reserved for strangers to perform the task, which filial piety should have scorned to commit to them. And even less creditable to us than this is the fact, that these, so long the only sources of knowledge of our history, have never been reprinted. One poor edition of each proved enough to satisfy the curious interest of successive generations of hundreds of thousands of our people.

About thirty years ago appeared Jones' "Defence of North Carolina"—the first published effort by one of her sons to do honor to her name.—The work was written for a party purpose, and embraces only a brief period just before the Revolution and in its earliest years. It was written with much sprightliness, and is generally remarkably accurate in the statement of facts, whatever may be thought of

its delineations of character. Yet this also has appeared in only a simple edition, and we are in a condition to know that, only a few years ago the booksellers considered it "a drag," and an encumbrance on their shelves.

In the last dozen years much more has been done, and the way made ready for much more still. Judge Murphy is understood to have made large collections for a full history of the State, but, as his labors were never given to the public, nor even completed, we can not speak particularly of them. Gov. Swain, too, with persevering industry and zeal, and a rare discrimination of what is truly valuable, has gathered a very large mass of materials, printed and in manuscript, larger, perhaps, than has been made by any other living man; which he dispenses to all who need, with an unstinted and pains-taking generosity, and which, our only regret is, he has declined to work into a history by his own hand. Besides these accumulations and preparations for history, much has also been written and published within the time we have indicated. The volume of historical lectures by Dr. Hawks and Gov's. Graham and Swain added not a little to our previous knowledge. Col. Wheeler's sketches combine a full outline with great minuteness of detail, and throw light upon many regions and events about which we were very much in the dark before. Mr. Foote's Sketches, though limited in its range, supplies a great deal of matter that is curious and valuable. Dr. Caruthers has made very interesting and important contributions to the general stock, both in "The Old North State," and the "Life of David Caldwell." Mr. McRee, in his elaborate memoir of Judge Iredell, has done much to illustrate some portions of our general history, while he was erecting a most fit monument to the memory of a very upright and able man. All this shows, and there is no need that we particularise further, a growing interest in the history of our State—an interest which prompts some to undertake laborious investigations and give to the world the results of them, and has induced a much greater number to buy and read information thus put within their reach. And, while the facts we have stated show a growing interest in the subject, and are, so, a token, full of hope and encouragement; they at the same time remind us how much is still to be done—before our debt to the past shall be fully discharged. A complete, general history of North Carolina, one worthy of the subject, is still a thing to be desired. That our desire is not long to be delayed,—is, in fact, passing rapidly to its fulfilment,—the title of this article will sufficiently intimate to our readers. And we can not but think that the brief review, made above, of the condition of our historical literature shows that the time is ripe, and our people ready for the execution and reception of the scheme which Dr. Hawks proposes, and of the speedy accomplishment of which we have an earnest in the two volumes he has already published.

We have already written so much that we have not room enough to enter into a minute examination of Dr. Hawks' work. We can only indicate our sense of its excellences, and invite our readers to share the pleasure we have experienced in the perusal of it. We may return to this subject hereafter, and attempt more fully to do justice to the book and to the Author. We can not but think it fortunate for all the interests connected with the subject, that the task of writing the history of North Carolina has been undertaken by one so eminently gifted for this especial work as Dr. Hawks. He has brought to this labor the best powers of a mind of much native acuteness, trained by early habits of legal study to the examination of evidence,

and stowed and disciplined by a wide variety of literary cultivation. Long practice has given him skill in the use of the pen, and his other publications have made him familiar with the methods of authorship. The subject to which he has now redressed himself with him has been a favorite one for many years, and during those years he has employed much of the leisure which his zeal in his profession has spared to him, in searching for and arranging the materials for the execution of this long-cherished purpose. Time and money have been freely given to it, and his position and tastes have given him rare opportunities of finding all the monuments of our history, and selecting the best. Above all, he is a native of North Carolina, and bears in his heart the affection of a true-hearted Son. It is the enthusiasm of this affection that has carried him through all the toils of this great work, and now leads him to consecrate the mature powers of his manhood to the task of illustrating and perpetuating the fame of the State which gave him birth, and which he has never ceased to be proud of. The result, as these volumes show it, is what might be expected from the devotion of such abilities, under the guidance of such an inspiration.

The first volume is occupied with an account of the attempts, made under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, to establish colonies in Carolina. It is introduced with a very interesting sketch of the life and times of Raleigh—a series of elaborate pictures of that great man and his most conspicuous contemporaries. The pathetic story of those ill-starred attempts he allows the actors in those scenes themselves to tell. He has given, with copious notes, the original narratives, the reports, in their very words, that were made to Sir Walter, by those to whom he entrusted the accomplishment of his great enterprise. We have, in their own language, the experience and impressions of those brave men who the first, from beyond the sea, set foot on our soil, and whose eyes first gazed on the virgin treasures of a new and strange continent. We have the simple sailor's tale of his Captains, Amidas and Barlow, and the scholarly observations and speculations of the learned Herist. It is as if we heard from their own lips what those gallant adventures had to tell of the perils of their voyage, and the discoveries they made, and the marvels they witnessed in the far off land which they had sought to win and subdue. To us there is a singular attraction in these early narratives. They are to us the main charm of the book; and Dr. Hawks has shown his antiquarian tastes, and nice sense of what is most worthy in true history, in giving these chronicles to his readers. We think that all genuine lovers of historical reading will agree with us in this sentiment of the peculiar feature of the volumes, and heartily thank him for placing within the reach of all of us, these tracts of such inestimable value, and which had become so rare that very few men among us have ever had access to them. To such persons the adorn of antiquity which these papers carry with them is of itself one attraction. Yet we are disposed to believe that, for these very reasons, this first volume is not, and will not be popular, not eagerly sought by the great body of our reading men. We regret that what we conceive to be its highest merit, and which certainly favorably distinguishes it from all other State histories, should hinder its sale and use.

The second volume resumes the story with the earliest incoming of settlers from Virginia about 1680, and brings the narrative down to 1729, when the great change was made from a Proprietary to a Royal Government. The subject is treated under appropriate divisions, such as, of Religion and Learning, of Commerce and Nav-

igation, of Arts and Manufactures, &c. To each of these chapters is prefixed a collection of documents, more or less numerous, which contain the proofs and illustrations of the statements which follow. These documents,—State papers, letters written by witnesses or actors in the affairs referred to, &c.,—are themselves of a value and interest in no way inferior to that of the text. The skilful reader may, from them, construct his own history of the time; and we fancy that every one will find himself often reading again and again, the letters of such men as Pollock and Gale. These documents are followed in each case by a full sketch of the topics they especially treat of. These chapters are written in a clear and forcible style, and we read them from beginning to end with no abatement of interest. In fact, they present all that can be ascertained of the events of those times, and will, in most cases, satisfy the reader's curiosity. In regard to the true interpretation of events, and the appreciation of the character of prominent men, there will always be difference of opinion. Dr. Hawks expresses his opinion freely and clearly, and we do not doubt that his judgment will stand, in the main, as the judgment of posterity. Were we to criticise him in this regard, it would be only to say that we think his language of censure sometimes needlessly harsh. In some instances also, we think, that a change in the form or grammatical structure of sentences would be an improvement. Yet he has successfully escaped the ambitious style which is the besetting sin of modern writers of history. On the whole, our people have reason to be profoundly grateful to Dr. Hawks for what he has done to rescue our annals from oblivion, and we are sure they will look with eager interest for the volumes that are yet to come. We trust that the demand for those already published will be such as to remunerate the publisher, and prove to the author also a generous token of the public approbation.

We may not close without commending the style in which these volumes are gotten up. We hardly know, in any similar work, a finer specimen of the art. No pains or expense seems to have been spared to make the external appearance of the work worthy of the subject, and of the State.

The article on Dr. Hawks' History of North Carolina occupies much more space than we had at first intended; but we hope the reader will find it not wholly devoid of interest.

Personal.

Lord Macaulay has announced that he will confine himself in future to his closet as a historian, and take no further part in public life.

The celebrated Seminole chief, Sam Jones, is dead. He was supposed to be at least one hundred and ten years old.

The Massachusetts Legislature has re-elected Hon. Henry Wilson United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

Hon. William P. Fessenden is re-elected by the Legislature of Maine, United States Senator.

Ex-Governor Walker is said to be a candidate for the United States Senate from New Jersey. He now resides in Hoboken.

Sam'l P. Smith, Esq., of Charlotte, N. C., has accepted a situation in Wake Forest College.

The Savannah Republican says:

"It is a singular fact, and as honorable as it was unexpected, that the State of South Carolina has spoken out against the slave trade with an emphasis that has marked the expression of opinion in no other southern State. Her press, so far as we have seen, without a solitary exception, have protested with the greatest energy and warmth against the infringement of the law, and the introduction of Africans into their State. It will be seen, too, in the same connection, that the religious societies of that State are taking up the matter, and giving the illicit commerce their unqualified condemnation."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
CITY COUSINS.

BY WILD ROSE.

My home was in the country, where the flowers shed sweetest fragrance on the air around. Where birds made music in our forest bowers. And cool dim shadows slept along the ground. And we were blest: the humble was our lot. We asked not for the splendid things of earth. Our hopes, our joys, were mingled all in one. And not one jarring note disturbed our hearts. As there we sat with happy hearts and looks, attentive to our kitting and our books.

Well, we had city cousins, (who has not?) And when they heard that we were well and do. They brought to see us when the days grew hot. And brought their servants and their babies too. And ate our bread and butter, and our honey. And chickens, too, and pies, and puddings rare. And cake, and fruit—they got them without money.

For we, of course, had plenty and to spare; So through the summer months they staid, and staid. Until the bright green leaves began to fade.

Then, said my cousin, Flora Clementina, "The country's getting dull, it is a pity. For friends to part, especially relations; Now, cousin dear, you must come to the city. And stay with me; you'll have a pleasant time. I'll take you all around to see the sights—I'll introduce you to such pleasant people, The Smiths, Joneses, Tomkines and Whites, All in the upper circle—now do come. I'll be so glad to see you any day;— I won't take an excuse—don't say one word, I vow I won't be treated in that way; You must come soon and see me, now, you hear. And spend a long, long time with me, my dear."

Well, mother, she had put up pounds of butter. And three skinned turkeys, and a sight of things for her to carry home, and says she: "Flora, this parting hour my heart most sadly wrings. But we will meet again, now take this. And take it with you, Flora, to the city: I've packed it full of good things for you all." And cousin, says she: "O! dear me, aunt Kitty, you are so kind!" "Pshaw! hush," my mother said.

"Don't talk that way." So cousin took them all. And started off and left us in tears. Ah! how we loved her then, alas! that love. And trust should fade away with opening years. As mine has done—but, dear me, I'm digressing—

My candle's burning blue, and time is pressing. So months went by, and on a certain time The city papers said there was to be A splendid fair held by the city people. And gracious my, what news that was to me. I jumped and clapped my hands and said, "Oh! mother."

Now let me go to see my cousin dear, You know she asked and asked me so politely To go and see her when she went from here. Do let me go!" my mother mused awhile. And said, "I'd gladly let you go, my honey. But then it is so far away from home. And then dear me, it would cost a sight of money. And maybe Flora does not want to see you— These city cousins don't care what they do— For, ten to one, if you should go down there, She'd go along and never notice you; But you may write to her, my dear, to-day. And say you'll go, and see what she will say."

So down I sat and wrote: "My dearest coz, While on the hearth the fire burns clear and bright, And cheerful faces sweetly round me smile, I take my pen to write to you to-night. We have been talking of you, and my mother Says I may go to see you very soon; And I will go, dear coz, be sure of that. Even if I have to go in a balloon. I long to see you; so look out for me Among the folks assembled at the fair, I am resolved to go. I wouldn't miss it For all the pretty things that may be there. I'll have a pleasant time, I know it well. So don't forget to meet me at the boat [coz. Next Monday week; for you must know, dear My trunk is quite too large for me to take— And then you know a town I never saw. And might get lost, so cousin, Au Revoir."

I sealed and sent my letter, soon next day, And went to fixing in a mighty hurry. My mother and the maids for one whole week Kept running round in a tremendous hurry To get me ready. I got four new dresses, Two of merino goods and two of silk, And then I bought a bonnet, nice and fine, All trimmed with graceful feathers white as milk.

In short, I spared no pains or money either, To please my coz of whom I was so fond. And I was going, oh! delightful thought! To mingle the first time in the beau monde, I was so happy; but alas, alas! [glass. My hopes all passed like breath-stains over. For just before the day I was to start, I got a letter from my cousin dear, And thus it ran. (Oh, all ye country girls, Take warning by my fate, be wise and hear:— "My Dearest Cousin, I received your note, And take my pen to answer it to-night. Would say to you, that were it in my power, To have you here would give me great delight; But with a servant sick, and a cross child, And failing health, I'm forced to say to you, That having any company about, Is more than I can now afford to do. I'm very sorry this has happened so, But when you come to town, do call on me. If I could see your happy face a moment, My dearest coz, how happy I would be. My love to uncle and to dear aunt Kitty, And say I hope to see them in the city— Some time this winter, or some time this fall. Good night, my cousin dear, be sure to call!"

Could I believe my eyes, I read and read, And took my letter up and put it down. And hid my face and cried: what could I do? There lay my bonnet and my traveling gown; But I must stay at home, the pretty things That I had bought, the dresses nice and fine, Must all be put aside, alas! unworn! Was ever human fate so sad as mine? Just then my mother came into the room, And says she: "Daughter, what does Flora say About your going down?" I shook my head, My heart was full of pain; "Ah! well a day," My mother sighed: "it's just what I expected. For city cousins are not what they seem— So dry your eyes, my dear, don't take on so— Try to forget it now; 't was all a dream— True hearts are found at home, so don't be sad. Look up! be cheerful, it is for the best. Though really on my word, I think it hard That Flora was so many months my guest."

And then to say she couldn't take you in— Upon my word I think it is a sin."

Well, so I gave up my trip for that time, And put my pretty fixins all aside, But kept my lips in slattern silence sealed. And no one knew how much my faith was tried. In city friends, and from that day to this— I've never seen my cousin, Flora dear, Or any of my cousins from the city. And I do hope I'll be full many a year Before I see her; for she chilled my trust And turned my young heart's hopes to bitter dust. And then I now have invitations by the dozens, To go and see my wealthy city cousins, I won't accept them, for I can't forget My cousin Flora and the R— fair, I'm shy of city cousins, very shy. No matter what, or who, or where they are, Their invitations are but words, of course. They have no notion that we think them true, And so they pass through life—alas! alas! That faith in those we love should fade like dew.

From summer flowers: full fifty years may And spite of invitations by the dozens, I'll never more have faith in city cousins.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
CHARLIE AND ALENA;
OR,
"There is a Silver Lining to every Cloud."

BY INEZ GREY.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER V.

THE lifeless form of Sir Robert Illsby was borne into the house, from which he had expected in a few hours to have conveyed his lovely bride.

Alema stood pale and motionless as she gazed upon the lifeless form of her intended husband, so noble looking, yet so deathly pale, while his head was supported by the very hands that had once rescued her from a similar fearful storm; their eyes met, and in a moment recognized each other; that look of recognition was one of deep and heart-felt affection. Alema was carried senseless from the room.

I need not dwell on those hours of agony which followed that fearful day, when Sir Robert Illsby lay in a state for his burial, and after that, when his coffin was borne out of the house, when the mourners followed it; she was supported by the hand of Reginald to the grave. She saw many people in those days, friends of her father's as well as those of Sir Illsby, who came and went. They looked pityingly at her sorrowful face; and some of them spoke to her, but she scarcely roused herself from her abstraction enough to listen; and after a while it ceased, and they all left. Reginald had been with her all the while; making himself more and more dear and necessary to her by his silent sympathy, and the fond care with which he strove to lighten her burdens, without thought of his own.

When it was all quiet again, Allen Reginald still spent part of every day at Summer Dell. She loved him more intensely than ever; and now that she was free from Sir Robert Illsby, she could think and act for herself. Thus they wandered together through the park and garden, until she had quite forgotten that she was to have been a bride.

Clide Hurst was about to die; he lay upon a luxurious couch, watching, with an expression of intense pain, the countenance of the physician, as he counted the beatings of his pulse, which was to determine the length of his mortal being. With a hollow moan his eyes closed; large tears coursed down his sunken cheeks, as the doctor gave no hopes of his life after sunrise.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening; the winds howled in sad notes without, sending the rain in a deluge against the windows; ever and anon, the loud peals of thunder shook the dwelling, while the lightning glared through the thick folds of the massive curtains. It was a fearful night to die. A shaded light glimmered upon the table, leaving the features of the dying man, in shadowy gas-tiness.

The outlines of his form beneath the covering, as he lay straight and motionless, gave indications of manly proportions, of height and breadth; his bare arm that lay passive as the doctor had placed it, showed strong muscular formations; his hand was fair; and on one finger sparkled a diamond ring. His dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, lay in glossy waves over an unusually broad, high brow. Firm and white, his teeth shone through his pallid lips, as they parted to give vent to the struggles of inward emotions. He was dying in the prime of life; it cost him bitter pangs of regret, to yield thus early, to the fell destroyer. The physician sat by the table, shading his face with his hand; he too lamented the inevitable death of one so young; surrounded by all the luxuries that ensure comfort and affords pleasures to the refined intellect.

He was a bachelor; he was dying alone; only one friend and his domestics surrounded him. He was wealthy, broad lands were his, and a costly mansion stored with art, usefulness and ease; these were to be disposed of in a few hours.

The doctor waited his orders, before calling his household to his bedside.

Clide Hurst was strong even in death; his emotions had passed; he unclosed his eyes, and gave orders in a clear, distinct voice; which the doctor hurried to execute.

With eyes red from excess of weeping, his faithful secretary and nurse came to his bedside, to watch, and fulfil his last wishes; for he was dearly beloved by his household. While the nurse bathed his brow, and moistened his parched lips, he dictated his will to the secretary, in presence of the doctor.

Clide Hurst had one male friend, and one only relative, a female. Charles Graham had been the friend of his bosom, from youth to manhood, partner of his school day's joys and sorrows; often had they talked together of their happy sports at Gatingen; and often together visited their friend Dick Rhombus, and talked over how admirably they succeeded in getting him and the Englishman's daughter married; and so nicely discomfiting the bailiff. But Dick no longer needed their society to make him happy, for his sweet wife, and little household pets, were wholly sufficient, to complete his happiness.

But Charlie and Clide were inseparable friends, they were together in trouble abroad, and solitary hours at home. Clide had from the death of his relatives, received an immense amount of property; thus gratifying Charlie's, as well as his own wants. But Charlie was not forgotten by Mr. Gray. Often did he send him checks to a considerable amount, full ample to defray his school bills, and many of his own wants.

Clide had never yet spoken to Charlie of his relative, Ida Hurst, his niece, and daughter of a beloved brother, ruined and dead, his child reared in a convent.

To these individuals, Clide left his heritage, if they were united in matrimony before his death.

A messenger was dispatched through storm and darkness, to summon his niece to his bedside.

Three weary hours of watching had passed; Charlie Graham stood by the bedside of his friend; their hands clasped in vows of eternal friendship and fidelity. Charlie might have been taken for a brother of Clide; so much did they resemble each other, in height and features; his manly form shook with uncontrollable emotion, as he listened to the last testimony of friendship, from his dying friend, pressing his lips to his brow, he promised faithful obedience to his wish. A female form closely veiled, knelt opposite; the left arm of the dying man circled her form as a shield of protection, in her utter loneliness. Her face was buried in the covering, while convulsive sobs and moans, shook the trembling form of Ida Hurst. These two were alone, then came the minister and household, to witness the marriage ceremony of Charlie Graham and Ida Hurst. These two, with no previous knowledge of each other's existence, were pronounced man and wife.

Clide was ready to die; he pressed the shrinking bride to his bosom, and murmured a few words of endearment, and his spirit took its flight from earth, to heaven.

Time wore on; Clide's remains were deposited in the old family vault, with great pomp; followed by many mourners, but none felt more deeply his loss than Charlie; his niece sadly wept; yet it was, as much from the strange appearance of every thing around her, and the position, in which she had never expected to have a part.

She thought of the person to whom she had been so closely connected; could he ever love her, or would he hate her, was her constant thought.

The veil had never been lifted from her face in his presence, yet he had walked beside her. She had been supported by his strong arm. She had seen him weep over her uncle; beheld him in his agony, take his last look of that cold rigid face.

Oh! how her heart thrilled, when he assisted her into the lonely house. Placing her upon a sofa, and seating himself beside her; how fervently did she wish herself safe back in the convent; where she could once more be free from the gaze of strangers.

Charlie knelt by her side, took her hand in his; and the soft delicate touch, thrilled his bosom. By the pale moonlight, he saw Clide's ring upon her finger. It was their wedding ring. He remembered, hurriedly placing it there on that fearful night. He pressed the ring to his lips; and the hand, until it grew cold beneath his burning kisses.

O! how light and perfect was that childish form as he lifted it in his arms and bore it to the open window. He pressed her head to his throbbing heart, and kissed the sacred veil, before lifting it from her face. But suspense was growing torture; he removed the veil, and there in his own arms, against his own wild throbbing heart; he beheld a scrappily beauty. He sank in the window seat weaker than a child; weeping over the very loveliness that he gazed upon so tenderly. Never had he seen features

so perfect, complexion of such purity. He did not call her back to life, he only gazed enraptured. Luxuriant dark curls fell over her polished brow and neck, below her waist; long lashes fringed her eye-lids, and every feature was perfect as a star, and they were Clide's, the same classic mould, softened and refined to the most delicate formation. Her parted lips revealed the most perfect gems. The cool evening air brought her to life again. She opened her eyes, with a start. He kissed her again and again, calling her the spirit of his beloved Clide; his angel, his wife. Her silent tears bathed his cheeks. Then he won her heart, her name, her past history, and finally drew from her an opinion of his ungracious self.

CHAPTER VI.

AS we have said, Alema had quite forgotten that she was to have been a bride. Allen Reginald met her every day. One time it was night. The room was brilliantly lighted, and Alema supported by velvet cushions, robed in a closely fitting waist of crimson velvet, that rich deep crimson which resembles in hue, rare old wine, mantling over a silver goblet, and with this she wore a long, flowing skirt of merino precisely the same in shade. Around her neck and arms was clasped ornaments of pure jet, the golden pins were in her hair, and on one side drooping to her neck, a bunch of blood-red carnations; the room was furnished with lounges and ottomans of crimson velvet, heavily enwrought with gold. The walls displayed the same blending of gold and crimson, and the full-length mirrors multiplied it with endless repetitions. Through the casement came the refreshing air laden with the high perfume of roses and jessamine mingled with a thousand other delicious perfumes. Allen and Alema sat upon the same sofa, as they had done many, very many evenings before, for he had become a welcome visitor at Summer Dell. Allen Reginald was beautiful as morning; and eyes so brightly, deeply blue, that they would make one think of nothing but the untrodden sky of the far-off heaven; they beamed upon one like a summer day, clear and yet with a soul in their depths, all the more visible from their very clearness. His hair was of a golden shade, and it clustered in short, thick curls around his fair open brow. There was something indescribably sweet about his mouth, and his smile seemed to kindle his whole face.

They have held a long and animated conversation together, and now we behold him kneeling at her feet, holding both of her hands in his, and we hear him say "Alema dear Alema, if I loved you less I could tell you better. I seem to live only when I am here with you, you can thrill me so with every tone of your voice, every look of your eyes; I never did, never can feel so for any other."

"Dear Alema is it all in vain?" "I know that it is wrong," he continued; "I know that you have seen but little of this world, and that you have seen but few, but for all that, you can tell whether you love me. If you do, you never could love another, and it is no harm. I do not need any jealousy, or competition, to make me feel your grace and beauty.—Darling, do you love me better than aught else?"

Alema trembled from head to foot, it seemed as if her heart would break with its wild rapture. This, she thought, then was love. She could not speak. She turned her face towards him. Her long lashes veiled the joy beaming in her down cast eyes, but the tell tale cheek, over which they drooped, were crimson with blushes.

"You do love me," he cried eagerly, and clasping his arms about her, drew her close to his beating heart.

"Say the words, Alema, I want to hear them—say, 'Reginald, I love you,' nay, better than that—say 'Reginald, I will be your wife?' She looked up timidly from the shelter of his arms scarcely daring to trust her voice to utter the words for which he waited.

"Reginald," she said, firmly, "dearest Reginald, I love you, and I will be your wife."

"Heaven bless my darling," was the fervently uttered reply, and then drawing her still more fondly to his breast, they remained there for a long time, in an eloquent silence, their hearts thrilling with this new bliss, whose nectar they had just begun to quaff.

He went on to tell her, that he had always loved her since the first time he saw her in that dreadful storm.

Alema you do not know how beautiful you looked then, sheltered by that lofty tree. It was something so wild so unexpected, that I hardly could believe that it was a human being that I beheld. And then when I saw you under such different aspects, I still loved you, though I beheld you robed in the bridal trappings, waiting for another, my heart thrilled with anguish, yet I loved you still and should ever continue to have done so, though I had been compelled to have seen you borne away by another; to his distant home.—And after all was over, and things grew quiet again, and I could enter unannounced

it would seem so delightful, so fresh, so like one of those Arabian tales I used to delight in, to come to this great airy looking house, and find in its very midst a sleeping beauty. And then when springing to your feet, you were so full of sparkling contrasts, with your live complexion, your flashing black eyes, and your glittering black hair; your crimson cheeks, and the dress scarcely warmer or deeper in its hue. You were so unlike every thing I had ever seen before, I almost thought I had gone to sleep, awoke up in the times of good Haroun al Raschid, in some palace of the Barmecides. And now my beautiful vision is my own. O, Alema I am so wildly happy."

The next morning he sought her father in his library and told him all, asking him for the hand of his lovely Alema.

Mr. Gray gave his consent, and a few months was spent in collecting every thing that was necessary for such an auspicious occasion. A note was dispatched for Charlie Graham and his lovely wife that they were to come a week before the wedding.

Oh! it was so strange yet joyful for those two young hearts to meet, that had been separated so long. Charlie's wife was very beautiful, with her little curly headed boy; but Alema was more beautiful. Charlie said that he never would have known her. Mr. Gray received him with warm parental affection, led him into the library, and told him that he must forgive the past, told him, while tears of affection gushed from his eyes, that he was his own dear son; prayed him to forgive the past and love him as a father; they remained there clasped in each others arms, so long that Alema and Ida came in search of them; and from her own father's lips Alema learned that she had a brother.—Oh, what a glad moment, their embrace was so meet and their communion so dear. Mr. Gray turned to Ida, and taking her in his arms blessed her, calling her his child; then seeking for his little curly headed grandchild who had on the moment hid him-self in his mother's flowing skirt, catching him up in his arms, covered him with kisses—crying, bless the precious boy."

The gorgeous saloons of Mr. Gray were brilliantly illuminated on the bridal eve of Alema his idolized daughter. The elite of Eldorado and the surrounding country thronged the park and mansion of Mr. Gray, waiters hurriedly passed to and fro. The wedding guests had assembled, the hall was thronged to overflowing with the most bewitching and lovely beauties. But the bridegroom came forth bearing upon his arm the most lovely star of the evening. They knelt before the altar, and the priest coming forward joined them in the holy bonds of wedlock, and the gayest of the gay were not more happy than Reginald and Alema, nor never was there a wedding party happier or more joyful. The evening passed away and every cloud was wholly obliterated by the silver linings which spread out over the whole heavens.

Mind and Health—Culture for Farmers.

While we deem it our duty to encourage the better cultivation of the farm, we think it also of the first importance that the mind and the heart be not neglected. They need cultivation as much as the earth, and as readily yield good fruit. Cultivate the intellect. Few instances can be found, of men that have struggled with difficulties in acquiring knowledge, and so must have acquired habits of industry, self-government, and self-denial, who yet have remained bad men. Such instances are very rare.

There may be distinguished scholars and men eminent in the sciences and as statesmen, that are bad men; but we know not how much worse they might have been, but for their love of knowledge. Knowledge is directly power, indirectly virtue; and is usually productive of happiness. No man needs it more than the farmer. It is his duty and interest to cultivate knowledge and a love of knowledge, himself, and give his sons and daughters the means of obtaining it. What amusement is so innocent, and at the same time so cheap, as a good book.

There are corrupting books, and the world is full of them, but generally speaking they are less corrupting than idle and vicious companions; but both should be avoided. Whoever knew a young man idle, himself a companion of idlers, that was not ignorant, corrupting and conceited? And who ever knew an old man towards the close of life amid all his regrets, grieve at the time and efforts devoted to useful studies, feel knowledge a drag on the heaviness of old age, or who would exchange it for anything but true virtue, or the pure joys of heaven.

HON. SHERBARD CLEMENS, it is said, is sufficiently recovered from the effects of his late duel to resume his seat in Congress. He left Richmond for Washington on Tuesday last. One of his legs is now two inches shorter than the other.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....\$ 2.00
6 Copies ".....10.00
10 " ".....15.00
50 " " (to one address,) 50.00

No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

New Subscribers.

The friends of *The Times* will again permit us to acknowledge our gratitude for their many daily favors. During the last week, the daily ratio of new subscribers has doubled even that of the week before. With such an interest on the part of the friends of *The Times* for a few weeks longer, our list will fully justify the large extra cost of the present volume and we shall be encouraged to seek out new attractions. And since we can have a Literary and Family Paper at home equal to those furnished from abroad, we hope there is no one that will not give home the preference. Our South Carolina friend will excuse us for making the following extract from his letter of last week, as it may induce others from the Palmetto State to do likewise:

Messrs. Editors.—herewith please find a list of fourteen new subscribers, with the needed accompanying the same.

And now will you allow an old subscriber—but not an old man by the bye—to say a word about the *Times*? When I saw the first copy of the new volume, I felt like mounting a stump, hat in hand to say—"Hurrah for the *Times*!" Hurrah for the Editors!"—and "three times three, for old North Carolina!"

Having become a little sobered down, however, let me ask, where is the man, woman or child in the old North state who does not feel proud that she has led off so gallantly in the march of improvement, in the way of an "Illustrated Family Journal"—or where can one be found in all the South—

"With soul so dead"
It may be said,

of him—"He won't subscribe?" Echo answers, "where?" Surely no one, who scans the paper, and sees the long list of talented writers—the interesting letters from able correspondents—the columns teeming with the current news of the day—and that new feature, the "Children's Department," edited by that true "friend" of children, from my native State—can refuse to open the purse-strings to sustain a paper which reflects honor upon the whole South. I must believe your most sanguine expectations will be realized, and so—with glass in hand, filled with nature's own bright beverage, sparkling water, I drink—"Success to the *Times*—may its shadow never grow less."

THE BEST OF ALL: A friend sends us a club of 63 subscribers from Western Virginia, and says:

"I most congratulate you on the improved appearance and I may say literary merit of *The Times*. I wish you much success in your laudable enterprise. It is just the paper needed in every home almost in the South."

We most heartily accept of your congratulations, and are gratified with your efficient labors in supplying the "need" to our Southern families.

Gov. Graham's Lecture.

The lecture before the "Greene Monument Association," last week, by Hon. William A. Graham, attracted a very large audience. The Lecture was devoted to the American Revolution, the part North-Carolina acted.—His defense of the State, if not from the attack of historians, at least of their culpable omission in not awarding her full justice, was able, profound and highly instructive. We have not room for an extended notice; and as a committee was appointed to solicit a copy for publication, we hope it may be given to our readers in full.

New Drug Store.

Messrs. Porter & Gorrell have bought the Drug Store formerly owned by Dr. T. J. Patrick, and they make their formal announcement in this week's paper.

The post of an Apothecary is very responsible, next to that of a practicing physician, if not equally as responsible. The Druggist is fast becoming the almost sole dispenser of his medicines; and the family messenger goes with almost child-like reliance for the aid for its afflicted member.

We take pleasure in commending this new firm to the encouragement of the public, as worthy of their patronage and confidence.

Negroes Rising.

The Autauga (Ala.) Herald says: "Last week we gave a short notice of the sale then in progress in our town. Our notice was necessarily incomplete. The sale closed on Friday evening. 150 negroes were sold at an average of \$950 each, making an aggregate of \$142,500. Some of them were very aged, while others were but a few weeks old. One field hand on Friday sold for \$2,105! He was, we learn, 18 or 19 years of age. A girl 16 years of age brought \$1,960. A carpenter sold for \$1,700 to \$1,900. Taking it altogether, we doubt not it was the largest sale of the kind that has ever been in the South.

The editor of the S. C. *Son of Temperance*, in speaking of public sale day in Bennettsville on Monday the 3d inst. gives the following prices which were paid for negroes:

One negro woman, sixty years old, brought \$600. A negro woman and two children, all deformed, were sold for \$740. A woman and child brought \$1,530. One boy about 18 years of age, a field hand, was knocked down at the fair price of \$1,365; and another smaller one at \$1,100. Other property was sold at prices in proportion to the above."

The Mississippi Repudiated Debt.

The Auditor of Mississippi, a few days ago, paid \$100,000 to Mr. Goodman, President of the Central Rail Road Company, upon bonds issued for the Planters' Bank many years ago. It will be remembered that these Planters' Bank bonds are a part of the repudiated debt that made the State of Mississippi notorious throughout the world. The Louisville Courier says:

Our readers must not infer, however, that Mississippi intended, by this payment, to acknowledge and liquidate her repudiated debt. This \$100,000 was only a fine financial scheme of Mr. Goodman in behalf of his rail road. He found out by looking into the records, that there was a fraud in the treasury that could be gotten for his road, and he got it, perhaps, by making European holders of the repudiated bonds subscribe them to his road. We hope he will continue this process, and gather up all the repudiated bonds of the State, and get the State to acknowledge them on condition that they be converted into railroad stock within her borders. It is better to pay them in this way than not at all, and we doubt not that the holders of the repudiated bonds, throughout the world, would be glad to convert them into the stock of almost any railroad to be constructed there. The debt is worthless now, but it might turn out something through the stock conversion.

We would call especial attention to the advertisement of A. Morris, Publisher, Richmond, Va. This is an old and well established house, and from its catalogue, we are glad to see an extensive business. Our book-makers and book readers should remember this house when they find a need for a publisher. Why not buy our books in Richmond, if they can be bought on as accommodating terms as in New York?

THE TROUBLES IN KANSAS:—The Kansas City Journal of Commerce of the 13th inst., says:

Judge Williams, of Fort Scott, has just arrived here en route to confer with Governor Medary concerning the troubles in Southern Kansas. He represents Fort Scott and the neighborhood as being under a reign of terror. All business is suspended, and women and children are being removed to places of safety. The citizens are under arms, and on their guard day and night.

Literary Notices.

Amid the press of business we have permitted a large accumulation upon our table. We have but time to notice, and will read more at leisure.

The Knickerbocker, or New York Magazine, for February. \$3 a year.

Harper's Monthly Magazine, for February. New York, \$3 a year.

Godey's Lady's Book, for February, Philadelphia, \$3 a year.

The Great Republic Monthly, for February. Oaksmith & Co., New York, \$3 a year. Or any of the above \$3 Magazines clubbed with *The Times*, at \$4.

The Eclectic Magazine, of Foreign Literature, for February. \$5 a year, or clubbed with *The Times* at \$6.

The Virginia University Magazine, published by the Literary Societies of the University.

Hampden Sidney Magazine, published monthly by the Literary Societies of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia.

The Christian Baptist, a monthly periodical devoted to Primitive Christianity, and the union of all immersion believers on christian principles. Dr. Jno. T. Walsh, Kinston, N. C.

The Massachusetts Teacher, a journal of School and Home education, Boston, \$1.00.

Hall's Journal of Health, monthly, New York, \$1.

A Plea for the Higher Culture of Woman; an address delivered on Commencement day of the Laurensville (S. C.) Female College, July 1858, by Rev. Thomas A. Hoyt.

Music and Woman, an address delivered at the commencement of the Laurensville (S. C.) Female College, June 30th 1858, by Gustavus Jaeger, Prof. of Music.

Centenary Sermon, by Rev. Neil McKay; and Centennial Historical address, by James Banks, Esq., delivered at Bluff Church, 18th October, 1858.

The Influence of Material Agents in developing man; an address delivered before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, June 1858, by S. S. Satchwell, A. M., M. D.

Address delivered at the Annual Fair of the Duplin Agricultural Society, at Kenansville, November 1858, by Wm. A. Allen, Esq.

Private Corner.

E. Your letter and roll of MS. received. At an early opportunity will write you. There is often less harm resulting from the building of "Air-castles," than from efforts of reality..... J. S. H.—"Among the Books" was too late for this week..... WANDERER—"Unframed Pictures," Nos. 1 & 2 received—Shall be pleased to have a few more "Pictures"..... F. W. M. Glad to meet with you again. The "extract" is filed for use. Hope to hear from you on your trip..... ECHO—Your story is received.—Hope the good opinion you express may never be less deserving: "Your paper, in its new form, is quite improved, and its historical sketches add much, very much to its interest. May it receive its merited success..... MATILDA—What a charming letter. Would we deserved half the attention at your hands. Have complied with your request as you will readily perceive..... GRACE MILWOOD—We acknowledge the receipt of your favors with much pleasure.

GOOD HUSBANDS TO EVERY ONE OF THEM:—We shall never live long enough to pay our debt of gratitude to the ladies for their continued favors. A bachelor writes:

"Please send me a copy of your paper. The ladies speak well of it, and I suppose it must be good."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Prov. 25, 11.

DR. BAAKEE:—In another column, we have Dr. Baakee's advertisement. A reliable gentleman, writing us from Baltimore, says:

"It is astonishing to witness the cures of the Doctor—he is no humbug. I myself have been an eye-witness to some of them. He took a Cancer out of a woman's breast which weighed two pounds and a half."

Cupid has come to town and is nicely boxed for exhibition by Messrs. Porter & Gorrell. Ladies, call at the Drug Store and see the little elf. Don't be afraid of him; his sting is sweet. We speak advisedly.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE FLORIDA LEGISLATURE.—Both houses of the Legislature adjourned on Saturday to meet again on the 4th Monday in November next.—The recess now taken is a strong indication of the necessity of annual sessions.

NEW FIRM.

PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to T. J. Patrick, Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.

Greensboro, N. C. [4-17]

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL.

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 13 miles West of Greensboro.

Rev. N. McRAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., \$6 per month. English Branches \$6 to \$15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situation guaranteed to such.

For full information, address, REV. WM. I. LANGDON, Proprietor. Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

LOOK OUT FOR CUPID.

Be in season for the approaching Jubilee of February 11th.

Porter & Gorrell have just received a large lot of Comic, Fancy and Sentimental Valentines. Call and see them at the New Drug Store.

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensboro, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant, Purple Top.
Bean.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.
Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Seivon, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.
Beet.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangel Wurtzel.
Brocoli.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussels Sprouts.
Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpareil, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Bergen, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.
Cauliflower.—Early London, Large Late Asiatic, extra.
Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.
Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.
Cress.—Curled, or Peppercress, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.
Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, earliest known, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pick'g, Short Green Pickley, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.
Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.
Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.
Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage.
Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.
Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.
Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nasturtium.
Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.
Okra.—Long White, Short Green.
Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.
Larship.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.
Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.
Peas.—J. R. & Co., earliest known, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ile Blossom Frame, Eng. Large White Marrowfat, Black Eyed Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.
Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.
Radish.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.
Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.
Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.
Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scalloped, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall or Winter Crookneck, Lima Coconut, Sweet Potato.
Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.
Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.
Ruta Baga.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liver-pool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.

Jan. 25th., 1859. (4:2m.)

20,000 PRINTING CARDS.

With a variety of other Materials just received at the *Times* Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Jan. 25th., 1859. (4:2m.)

ESTABLISHED IN 1798.

A. MORRIS, Richmond, Va. Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodious Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of Books, Stationery and Pianos, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.

A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the *Virginia and New York State Reports*, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices*. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount. Books and Music sent by mail. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

A HOME FOR SALE.

On the 23rd of February I will sell the place I now live on, if not sold privately before, at public sale. There are about 60 acres of land, buildings good and the orchard one of the best in the land. It is situated about 2 miles from Normal College and 24 from High Point. A good chance for any one who wishes a healthy and convenient home.

S. H. HELSABECK. 4:2w

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider—Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail at the New Grocery Store by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR 1859.

Great Artistic Attraction. 28 Beautiful PORTRAITS in January number! To all lovers of choice reading.

1. Your attention is respectfully invited to the character, contents, portrait embellishments, and sterling literary value of the ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

2. For fourteen years the Eclectic has found favor with the public and high recommendation from the press. It is now in its forty-fifth volume.

3. Its design is to present to its readers the choicest treasures of thought, and the ablest productions of European writers, as they appear in the Reviews and Periodicals of Great Britain.

4. Its combined excellences and permanent value give it a just claim to a place in every well-selected public and private library.

5. It contains the cream from seven Foreign Quarterly.

6. It contains the cream from nine Foreign Monthly.

7. It contains articles from the ablest pens of England.

8. Forty fine Steel Portraits embellish it in 1859.

9. The forty Portraits are worth the price of the work at 124 cents each.

10. The subscriber gets double the worth of his money. Considering what it contains, the eclect is the cheapest, the safest, the best, the most desirable of all the monthlies. Try it. You will find it true. It saves time. It saves money.

11. No intelligent family—no young lady—no young gentleman, will wish to be without its rich treasures of knowledge, when once examined.

12. Its instructive, educational influences on the mind are worth ten times its cost.

13. The public press, far and near, give the Eclectic strong commendations. Eminent men do the same.

"The merits of The Eclectic need only to be known in order to be appreciated. The Eclectic is worth many times its cost."—N. Y. Observer.

We have received many pages of recommendations.

We add the CONTENTS OF JANUARY NO., selected from six Quarterlies and seven Monthlies.

EMBELLISHMENTS—28 PORTRAITS.

- 1 Woman, her Position, Influence and wishes.
- 2 Love Benighted.
- 3 The Courtship of Miles Standish.
- 4 The Heroes of India.
- 5 The Modern British Drama.
- 6 An Alpine Storm Ten Thousand Feet High.
- 7 Word Paintings in Rich Frames.
- 8 Great Tomb of Man.
- 9 Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great.
- 10 Cowper's Poem on the Loss of the Royal George.
- 11 Optical Delusion of the Yellow Gown.
- 12 The Literature of Wedded Love.
- 13 The Taming of Horses.
- 14 Pandora's Box.
- 15 Great Revision Convention.
- 16 Woman in Extremes and Varieties of Character.
- 17 The Terrible Galas Tragically.
- 18 Eleanor Vaughan; or, Twice Avenged.
- 19 An Undiscovered Island.
- 20 Farewell to the Comet.
- 21 Alexander Pushkin.
- 22 Midnight on the Alps.
- 23 The Exile's Memory.
- 24 A Shadow.
- 25 Late and Early Marriages.
- 26 Biographical Sketch of Shakespeare.
- 27 The Mysterious Musician of Waldon Cathedral.
- 28 At the Gate.
- 29 Literary Miscellanies.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

To New Subscribers, Paying in advance, the January number, 1859, will be sent, embellished with two splendid match-prints—Sir Walter Scott and his friends, and Shakespeare and his contemporaries, containing twenty-eight portraits—surpassing all precedent. The January number is published.

Terms:—The Eclectic is issued on the first of every month. Each number contains one hundred and forty-four octavo pages, on fine paper, neatly stitched in green covers with one or more beautiful Steel Portraits by Sartain. The 12 numbers comprise three volumes of 600 pages each, with titles, indexes, and embellishments. Price Five Dollars. The postage is only three cents a number, prepaid at the office of delivery. Send your orders. Address

W. H. BIDEWELL, 3:2w No. 5 Beckman street, N. Y.

A. H. FRANCISCUS,

No. 241 Market St., Philadelphia. Keeps the largest and best assorted stocks of Long and short red carpet, chain and cotton yarns, batting, wadding, twines, covered yarn, bed cords, wash lines, rope in coils, mould, lamp, candle, camphine, lard and tallow wicks in the city. Also a great variety of fly nets which he offers at Manufacturers lowest cash prices. N. B. Consignments of Cotton Yarns from 1s to 12s solicited. (4:3m)

ESTABLISHED IN 1798.

A. MORRIS, Richmond, Va. Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodious Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of Books, Stationery and Pianos, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.

A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the *Virginia and New York State Reports*, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices*. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount. Books and Music sent by mail. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

A HOME FOR SALE.

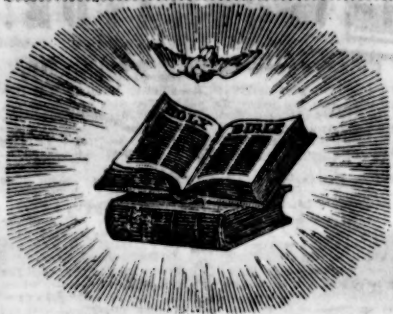
On the 23rd of February I will sell the place I now live on, if not sold privately before, at public sale. There are about 60 acres of land, buildings good and the orchard one of the best in the land. It is situated about 2 miles from Normal College and 24 from High Point. A good chance for any one who wishes a healthy and convenient home.

S. H. HELSABECK. 4:2w

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider—Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail at the New Grocery Store by W. S. CLARK. Jan. 1.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Something for the Boy-Readers of the Times.

DEAR BOYS:—While I was spending a few days, not long ago, in a pleasant village in North Carolina, I became acquainted with a little boy, who had just learned how to use the bow and arrow, and I was much amused, one morning to see how hard and earnestly he labored, to put a leaden head upon the arrow. His face grew very red over the fire, while trying to melt the lead in the shovel, and he puffed and blowed like a pair of bellows, (only not quite so strong) until, with a joyful shout, he exclaimed, "there! it's melted—goody!" With a little assistance, from one who loves to make little hearts happy, he completed his task, and then went out into the street, to try his skill. Now and then I could hear the "twang" of the bow-string, followed by the merry peals of laughter, whenever he chanced to "hit the mark," and no doubt he thought it was fine sport. But he soon became tired of shooting at the tree-boxes and other objects near the side walk, and while seemingly at a loss what to try his skill upon next, all at once, he discovered a little bird, perched among the branches of a tree, near by, and away whizzed the arrow from the fingers of the little fellow. Although he missed his aim, he sadly frightened the poor little "birdie" as off it flew, chirping as loud as it could, to the topmost branch of another tree. I could not understand what the little bird said as it flew away, but it sounded very much like—"Bad Boy"—"Bad Boy!"

Now, don't you think it was wrong for the little boy to try to kill that beautiful little bird? The same God who gave life to the little boy, also created the little bird, and hence it is very wrong and cruel to destroy any of God's creatures for mere sport or fun.

As Spring-Time will soon be here, when the little feathered songsters will be filling the air with their melody, in glad notes of praise to that good Being who cares, even, for the little sparrow, and as I fear some boy will be so thoughtless or cruel as to try to take the life of some happy little warbler, I have asked the Printer of the Times to tell you the following touching story, which I found in one of the beautiful School Books published by Mr. A. S. Barnes of New York. I hope after you read this story you will never be guilty of killing the little birds, which sing so sweetly, and make our earth so beautiful.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

The first warm day in spring, two little birds came flying from the South, where they had spent the winter, to the woods where they had lived the summer before. They found the same tree where their nest had been then, but the nest was spoiled, and they made a new one. They were very busy at work for several days, until they had a beautiful little home. It was made of hay and hair, and lined with moss. Soon there were four little eggs in it, and then one of the birds staid at home to keep them warm, while the other flew off for food. After a while, there were four little birds hatched from the eggs; but they were poor little feeble things, not strong enough to fly. They had no feathers to keep them warm, so the mother-bird spread her wings over them, and scarcely ever left the nest, for fear her nestlings would die. Her mate brought food for her and for the little ones.

One afternoon, the father-bird had been gone a long time, and the little birds began to be very hungry. They chirped and chirped for food, but no food came. "I will go and look for some worms for you" said their mother. And she flew away, calling, as she went, for her mate. But the poor little bird would never come to her again, for he was dead! A wicked

boy had shot him, just for fun. The Mother-bird was flying home with a nice supper for her nestlings when the same boy saw her. He took aim and fired, and she too, fell to the ground. The little birds in the nest called in vain for their mother that night, for the sun went down, but she did not come. They crowded close together, to keep themselves warm, but they grew colder and colder, and, before morning, these little birds were all dead, too.

Now, was it not cruel to shoot the two old birds, and leave the young ones to die in the nest? Then,

"Don't kill the birds," the little birds, That sing about your door, Soon as the joyous spring has come, And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds, how sweet they sing! Oh, let them joyous live, And do not seek to take their life, Which you can never give.

"Don't kill the birds," the pretty birds, That play among the trees; 'Twould make the earth a cheerless place To see no more of these.

The little birds, how fond they play! Do not disturb their sport; But let them warble forth their songs, Till winter cuts them short.

"Don't kill the birds," the happy birds, That cheer the field and grove; Such harmless things to look upon, They claim our warmest love.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Father, I Thank Thee.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

I thank thee, Father; for the priceless gift, Of faith, the weary heart, from earth, to lift, To thee, who teachest us, while here, we stray, Through Jesus Christ, the truth, the light, the way; That blessings are served for those who weep, Who wait on thee, and thy commandments keep, That when we leave this vale of tears and strife, We shall have right unto the tree of life. Then all its varied fruits will be revealed, And by its leaves, the nations will be healed.

Blessed are they, who thirst, and hunger now, For righteousness, with sad and weary brow; They shall be satisfied, with waters pure, From living fountains, ever to endure; They shall be fed, with bread of life, from Heaven, To all, who ask, it freely shall be given.

Blessed are they who mourn,—God hears their sighs, His hand shall wipe all tears, from off their eyes, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, in His excellence, and purity.

Webster, Michigan.

THE LAST FEMININE FOLLY.—A Paris letter writer gives the following description of an absurd article of dress, which has just been revived by the ladies of that city, and which will ere long cross the Atlantic:

I am half inclined to say that the greatest of all events just now is the invention of a new dress. But such a dress! If husbands and fathers were ill-advised enough to raise an outcry about erinoline, what will they do now? The dress I speak of is one to make which about twenty-eight or thirty yards of stuff are required, and the vestment is thought to look best when made of velvet! Now just fancy a dress of thirty yards, composed of velvet, at six dollars a yard. The garment itself is little else than what used, under Louis XIV. and XV., to be called a "grand habit." It is a visiting dress, and is curious as to its form and set. Skirt and body hang together, are held to each other by the back in a very singular manner. The back of the body spreading out into a kind of long, large cape, as it falls upon the skirt. The body is rather loose, like what is called a "can-can," and does not fit to the waist.—The dress buttons all down the front; the width of the dress at the bottom is eight yards, and upon every seam are sewn ornaments in passementerie, called "brandebourgs." Such a dress may easily be brought to cost \$1,000, and cannot cost under \$150.

NORTH CAROLINA BANKS.—The recent exhibit made to the Legislature by the Banks of the State, show them to be in a sound and prosperous condition. The aggregate capital of all our Banks is \$6,525,200; their surplus, \$1,057,805; due Foreign Banks, \$99,444; due North Carolina Banks, \$42,945; circulation, \$5,444,300; deposits, \$1,364,764; notes discounted, \$8,222,247; foreign exchange, \$4,153,035; due by North Carolina Banks, \$408,270; specie, \$1,299,576; real estate, \$215,697; State Bonds, \$164,876; due by directors, \$525,594; and by stockholders, \$723,242. It will be seen that the circulation of the Banks is not equal to the capital stock, and that the specie and foreign exchange in possession of the Banks, exceeds the circulation.

You cannot truly love, and ought not to be loved, if you ask anything that virtue condemns.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

TO ENTIRELY CLEAR OUT THE RED ANT.—Wash your shelves down clean, and, while damp, rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and the ants will disappear.

TO PREVENT MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Rub or strew around the edge of carpets and on them, salt and pepper, and the moths will not eat them.

TO DESTROY AND PREVENT BEDBUGS.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt-water any thing the insects get on or into.

The author of the above three recipes, "An old Housekeeper," strongly recommends them, and says: "I have known them to answer all they promise to, and have a desire that all mankind should get them without paying a dollar."

FRUIT.—The Southern Cultivator says, "Fruit trees of all kinds should be set out during December and January, if possible and *apropos* to this, we give the following extract from one of our exchanges:

"In reference to the economic influences growing out of the fruit culture, Mr. Thomas, in his excellent work, has the following highly instructive paragraph:

"It is not, however, merely as a source of income, that the cultivation of the finer kinds becomes profitable. The family which is at all times supplied with delicious and refreshing fruit from its own garden, has within its reach not only a very important means of economy, but of real domestic comfort. An influence is thus introduced of an exalted character; a tendency is directly exerted towards the improvement of the manners of the people. Every addition to the attractions of home, has a salutary bearing on a rising family of children. The difference between a dwelling with well-planted grounds, and well furnished with every rural enjoyment, and another, where scarcely a single fruit-tree softens the face of bleakness and desolation, may, in some instances, and to many a young man just approaching active life, serve as the guiding influence between a useful life on the one hand, or a roving unprofitable one on the other; between a life of virtue and refinement, from early and favorable influences, or one of dissipation and ruin, from the overbalancing effects of a repulsive home. Nor can any man, even in noon or approaching evening of life, fail to enjoy a higher happiness with at least an occasional intercourse with the blossoming and loaded trees, which his own hand has planted and pruned, than in the noise of the crowd and tumult of the busy world."

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF SICK-ROOMS.

A very common error in the management of sick-rooms consists in keeping them too warm. Sixty degrees Fahrenheit is a good average temperature and as much variation either way is dangerous, it is well to have a thermometer hanging in the room. A patient should never lie in a draught, but a free circulation of air through the sick-room is absolutely necessary. The bed-linen should be changed as frequently as possible; but great care must be taken to have it entirely dry. Sheets, etc., will often contract dampness while lying in presses and drawers, and should always be aired before using. Fatiguing patients, with a design to render them more comfortable must be carefully avoided. Certain colors are very annoying and painful to sick persons. All the shades of red and yellow should be removed, and green, which is grateful to the eyes, or any neutral tints, used for curtains, bed-hangings, etc. Above all, do not leave a sick friend too much to the care of a hired nurse. It is often absolutely necessary to employ these persons, but they will bear watching.

CHILBLAINS.—These generally arise from sudden variations of temperature, particularly in delicate and loosely-clothed children: they are mostly common on the feet, but may occur on the hands, nose, ears, or other parts of the body. There is a red, painful swelling, which itches very much when in bed. Ice or cold water is the best thing, and should be used two or three times a day; or, various stimulating applications are resorted to, as camphorated spirits of wine tincture of myrrh, or spirits of turpentine. The part should be well clothed, and all changes of temperature guarded against. If chilblains are not arrested in this way, the red rises, which opens, and leaves a sore and painful place. To this a poultice should be applied, or linen rags covered with some simple ointment. If the sore do not improve, certain applications are necessary, but these must not be used without the sanction of a medical attendant.

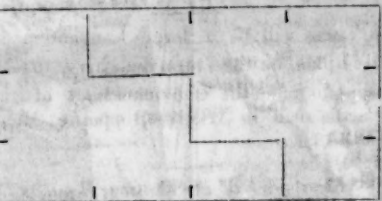
Be obeyed when thou commandest, but command not often.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM:—Multiply 25 cents by 25 cents. Answer next week.

SOLUTION to Problem of last week:—Cut it thus—



The pieces may then be joined in such a manner that the whole will be just 12 inches square.

NO TIME FOR SWAPPING.—An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio, in a steamer with a mare and a two-year old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The hoosier, as he arose, puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt, and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Prece book!" exclaimed the hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "its mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

After so long a time, the reason why men wear "shawls" is accounted for. A fellow attending a party, accidentally got drunk, and in retiring, accidentally took a lady's shawl for his cloak, in which habitment he was seen upon the streets; this was immediately taken by some one as an introduction of a new fashion.

When you doubt between words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence—"yes, with all my heart," was the soft response.

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Fizzleton, referring to one of her neighbors. "Well, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the old beldame, "for he's the meanest man in town."

"Mr. S., is your customer B., a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted forever—he never pays."

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked: and, determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, he said:—"For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

A citizen down East was dubbed "the little rascal." A friend once volunteered to ask him why he was called "the little rascal." "To distinguish me from my neighbors," said he, "who are all great rascals."

Wise men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience, the most ignorant by necessity, and brutes by nature.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than a great capacity.

The young lady who was buried in grief, is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

A clergyman who lives on the seashore says he likes calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it.

"The politicians have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side."

BIRDS.—John Neal says that the eagle "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still; he hoots at everything.

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C. With WM. GRAYDON & CO. Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street, NEW-YORK, Nov., '58.

BAILEY & CO. (Formerly Bailey & Kitchen,) JEWELERS, changed their place of Business from No. 136 to 819 Chestnut Street, desire to inform the citizens of Greensboro, and the public, that they are now located three doors below the GIRARD HOUSE, on the North Side of Chestnut street; having erected a fire-proof store, to which is attached their manufactory of Sterling Silver-ware by Steam Power.

BAILEY & Co. are now prepared to receive orders for any goods in their line, which is comprised of Watches of all the best makers, Diamond Bracelets, Ear Rings, Brooches, and Necklaces, as well as all other kinds of Gold Jewelry, Silver Tea Sets, or portions of sets, Pitchers, Spoons, Forks, &c., Plated Ware, Clocks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.

Orders for goods will receive prompt attention and a prompt reply. Goods forwarded to any part of the Union.

Address. BAILEY & Co. JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS, 819 Chestnut St. Phila. Agricultural Societies supplied with Silver Plate and Medals to any extent. 145-6mo.

BOOK-BINDER, At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C. The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. Address J. J. CHAPLIN, Raleigh, N. C. January 1—11.

DICKENSON & COLE, Commission & Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street, RICHMOND, VA.

SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.

JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg, and ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax, January 1, 1859. (6m.)

E. F. POWELL, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER, Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greensboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a large lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff, &c., &c.—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash. All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

F. J. PILLNER, Lithographer, Fancy Printer and Engraver, North West Corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Illuminated Title Pages, Book Illustrations, Views of Buildings and Machinery; Maps, Charts, Certificates, Diplomas, Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Druggists', Perfumers' and Wine Labels, Manufacturers' and Dry Goods Tickets, &c., in Black or in Colors. Orders from the country promptly attended to. 2-3m

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSIONER, 147 Chambers-st., N.Y. Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2 1/2 per cent. Commission. Dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, sent free. Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "Hickory Nut Falls," N.C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "Chronicle Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health." This invaluable family adviser should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is mailed free for one dollar. Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.

Refer to Goss, Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs, Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. D. ems, M. T. Hedlin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Story, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeoward, Esprs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc. Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from \$150 upwards, warranted in every particular (107:1y)

J. W. EVANS' NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va. Subscriptions received for the Times.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad,) Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge 127:1y

LAMPS. A large lot of fluid lamps just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.